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THE GRAPHIC.

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899

WITH EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT
"A Busy Corner in Paris"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



A CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY
THE ROYAL VISIT TO SARDINIA

Topics of the Week

The Transvaal Trouble

AFFAIRS in the Transvaal are once more assuming a threatening aspect. That a crisis is coming seems beyond doubt, and the only question is what will President Kruger do to avert it? So far he has juggled successfully with the difficulties as they have arisen, but each of his triumphs has only left the situation worse than before. Mr. Chamberlain maintains for the moment a grim but significant silence. Very soon, however, he will have to state the views of the Government on the Uitlander petition which has been sent to him, and it is impossible that those views should not be hostile to President Kruger, and that they should not contemplate action of a serious kind. The British Government cannot refuse to assist the Uitlanders. It is bound to do so by both the spirit and the letter of the London Convention. The responsibility imposed upon it by that instrument is daily becoming wider. The Uitlanders are not exclusively Englishmen, nor is it only English money which is invested in the Rand. Germans and Frenchmen are also suffering from the misgovernment of the Pretorian Junta, and they are equally loud with the English Uitlanders in calling upon Great Britain to perform her duty under the Convention and assure them a quiet life and security for their properties. The idea that Great Britain may be averse to enforcing her suzerainty has, indeed, inspired not a few Anglophobes on the Continent to improve the occasion by calling upon us to abandon claims which we apparently cannot make good. By the side of this negligible outcry there is, however, a very solid body of real foreign discontent. It has been voiced during the past week by the leading French newspapers. Besides the *Temps* and the *Débats*, organs of the commercial public like the *Gazette Coloniale* have roundly challenged us to obtain justice for French investors in the Transvaal, or to give up our suzerainty and allow foreign Powers to protect their own nationals. Even the committee of French shareholders in Transvaal gold mines is bestirring itself, and its constituents are preparing a memorial to Her Majesty's Government calling for "protection for foreign capital in the Transvaal." Under this accumulating pressure it is impossible that Mr. Chamberlain can much longer hold his hand. The mouthpieces of the Boers both in this country and in Pretoria tell us that President Kruger is intent on a reform programme, and adjure us to have a little patience. They point to the fact that the Rand has elected a Progressive Chairman, and they argue from this that there is a prospect of an equitable solution. It is, of course, quite possible that the President, in view of the obvious gravity of the crisis, is ready to make concessions; but are the concessions he contemplates such as will satisfy the great body of Uitlanders? Unhappily there is no evidence that this is so. On the contrary, all the negotiations lately conducted with the leaders of the mining industry have broken down, because it was found that on the vital question of the franchise the President remained as obstinate as ever. The grievances of the Uitlanders cannot be cured by palliatives. A permanent settlement must be based on the concession of political rights, and this is a step which President Kruger seems resolved not to take. Indeed, so far from thinking of giving votes to the Uitlanders of Johannesburg, who provide the whole revenue of the Republic, the President is not even disposed to allow them the right of public meeting.

Never, it may be confidently asserted, in the history of Party politics in this country has either of the two great political Parties been reduced to such extremity as that of the present Opposition. Neither in the case of the Whigs before the passing of the Reform Bill, nor in that of the Tories after the Peelite schism rent the Party in twain, did the present seem so bad or the future so hopeless. Things being as they are, it would be better to suffer in silence—for silence has ever a dignity of its own—rather than to embark upon a campaign of mutual recrimination such as that inaugurated by Lord Rosebery and carried on with characteristic vigour by Sir William Harcourt. The truth, obviously, is that both the "retired" leaders—whose retirement is so much more theoretical than practical—have sinned, and are suffering the consequences of their sin. They both "went solid for the Grand Old Man" in the great mistake of 1886, and they have both discovered by this time the colossal dimensions of that supreme blunder. There is, however, this difference between them, that whereas Lord Rosebery, although at the eleventh hour practically admits his error, Sir William still protests that all is well, and that the party must persevere in ploughing the sands of the Gladstonian heritage. Meanwhile the nominal leader, at least in the Commons, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, sits still and says nothing. It is a curious spectacle, and one that does not augur well for the future of Government by Party in the ancestral home of that system.

The Court

BOTH the Queen's journeys to and from the Continent have been interfered with by the weather. A rough sea kept Her Majesty at Cherbourg for a day longer than the original plan, and it was not till Friday week that the Royal party reached Windsor Castle. No sooner was the Queen at home again than various members of the Royal Family came to Windsor in turn to see Her Majesty. In fact the Castle will be full of visitors until Her Majesty goes to Balmoral on the 26th inst. The Queen will come to town next week. Three days is the limit of the Royal visit, but her subjects will have two good chances of seeing the Queen, as, after her arrival on Monday, Her Majesty proposes to drive through the chief West End thoroughfares, while the visit to Kensington on Wednesday to lay the foundation stone of the new museum buildings will be made in semi-State. An escort of Life Guards will accompany the Queen's carriage and four, while troops will probably line the route. Laying the stone will only take a few minutes, but the ceremony will be very imposing, as there will be a large Royal gathering, headed by the Prince of Wales, and seats have been erected to hold 2,000 spectators. On Tuesday the Queen hopes to be present for some time at the Drawing Room, receiving the Diplomatic Body and a few favoured ladies. Princess Christian is holding this week's Drawing Room—on Wednesday—while so great is the number of ladies anxious for presentation that another Drawing Room is fixed for June 9.

The celebration of the Queen's eightieth birthday grows in importance. As many members of the Royal Family as can be present in England will go to Windsor on the 24th to congratulate Her Majesty, and a large family dinner party will take place in the evening before the gala performance of *Lohengrin* in the Waterloo Chamber. The combined choirs are practising for the serenade to the Queen, which will include the Bishop of Wakefield's Jubilee Hymn, with a special verse written, at Her Majesty's desire, by Mr. Arthur Benson. Windsor will decorate gaily, erecting a splendid triumphal arch, through which the Queen means to drive in the afternoon. In town there will be a special Thanksgiving Service both at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and St. Paul's.

The Prince of Wales will review the London Volunteers on July 8, in commemoration of the Volunteer review held by George III. on his birthday, June 4, a century ago. The march past will take place on the Horse Guards' Parade, and as London counts 35,000 Volunteers in her forces the review promises to be a fine spectacle. When King George reviewed his Volunteers they mustered no more than 8,500 men.—The Princess and her daughters have just concluded their stay with the Greek Royal Family at Athens, and have resumed their cruise in the *Osborne*.

The Duke of York's illness brought a serious disappointment to South Wales, where his visit to Tenby and Pembroke was eagerly anticipated. But the chill which he caught at the end of last week compelled the Duke to keep his room, and although now convalescent he must be careful in the treacherous atmosphere of our English May. The Prince of Wales daily kept his son company, and the Duke's indisposition was not serious enough to keep the Duchess at home. Accordingly she went down to Wales, escorted by the Duke of Connaught, in her husband's stead. The Royal party spent Monday night on board the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*. On Tuesday morning they landed at Pembroke Dock, and drove through streets lined with infantry and spanned with triumphal arches to the railway-station, whence they departed for Tenby. That town accorded them a right loyal welcome. The pier, which, by the way, is to be called the Victoria Pier, was duly declared to be open. The Royal party returned to Pembroke by special train. At the old Castle they were presented with an address by the Mayor, and afterwards drove to the dockyard, where the Duchess was to launch the new Royal yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*. A crowd of some 10,000 people had assembled to witness the proceedings, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Among the distinguished company present were Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. and Lady Fremantle, Mr. Goschen, M.P., Sir William White (Director of Naval Construction), and Lieutenant-General Sir F. W. and Lady Forestier Walker, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Lord and Lady Emlin, and Lord and Lady Kensington. The Rev. G. Goodenough (Chaplain of the Dockyard)

conducted the customary religious service. The Duchess of York first completed the building of the yacht by hammering in the last two rivets on either side of the stern, and next broke a bottle of wine over the bows, naming her the *Victoria and Albert*. But then came a long delay, there being some difficulty in driving out the dog shores. The interval was filled up by a choir singing glees. At length, after half an hour's waiting, the Duchess was able to take up a mallet and chisel, and with a couple of deft blows severed the cord, and the yacht slowly moved down the slips into the water.

With next week's issue of THE GRAPHIC (May 20) will be presented an important coloured print representing the new ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"—being a facsimile of an oil painting especially executed for THE GRAPHIC by the CHEVALIER EDUARDO DE MARTINO, painter in ordinary to the Queen.

The Week in Parliament

BY H. W. LUCY

AFTER long period of perturbation and anxious doubt, Mr. Balfour consented so to arrange the Whitsun holidays that the Half-Timers Bill, put down for Committee stage on the 31st, should not be destroyed. This notable concession marks the interest excited by the Bill. As far as memory goes, it is the only occasion the House of Commons has been summoned to resume work after the holidays on a private members' day. There is no doubt Ministers, being, after all, only human, would have been exceedingly glad if they could have decently taken advantage of the incidence of the Derby Day to shelve this measure. It is true the majority that carried it triumphantly over a second reading was largely made up of Ministerialists. The agricultural members who then stood apart had been squared by promise of an amendment that will leave school children free for farm work in the summer time. But there remain the Lancashire members, steadfast and united in opposition to the Bill. Mr. Balfour is himself a Lancashire member, and though he took no part either in debate or division on the second reading, he is presumably hostile. Circumstances have been too strong for him. He has found it would never do to sacrifice the interests of the children avowedly to make an Epsom holiday. So the Derby Day has been set aside for the Committee stage of Mr. Robson's Bill.

Another matter on which the hand of the Government has been forced relates to the imposition of countervailing duties on sugar imported into India. Mr. Maclean, in other respects (except wherein Mr. Chamberlain is personally concerned) a supporter of the Government, has persistently opposed this new departure in financial policy. He has repeatedly asked for a day on which to discuss the matter. Failing in his application he threatened to move the adjournment, a proceeding foiled by the device of placing on the paper notice of motion dealing with the question. A Blue Book containing the correspondence preceding the imposition of the new duties was issued on Monday. Next day Mr. Maclean returned to the charge, and renewed his demand for a day to discuss the transaction by the light shed upon it by the Blue Book. Mr. Balfour made the accustomed answer. The question, doubtless, was most interesting. No one more than Her Majesty's Ministers desired opportunity to discuss it. But there was no time. "Of course," Mr. Balfour added with a sly glance at the Front Bench opposite, where Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sit at arm's length, "if the authorised Leaders of the Opposition demanded a day it would be different."

At this sally there was an outburst of laughter and applause from the Ministerial benches. The little success was dearly purchased. Sir Henry Fowler instantly rose and announced his intention of moving an Address to the Queen praying Her Majesty to withhold her consent from the new Acts, which, by the way, are actually in operation. The titular Leader of the Opposition promptly followed this up by demanding a day to debate the motion. This was more than Mr. Balfour had counted upon. There was no escape from the dilemma. The motion, as he said, was of the character of a Vote of Censure. No Government, however busy, or however strong, can afford to ignore a challenge of that kind. Mr. Balfour promptly accepted it, and Government business, its course already ordered, must needs be manipulated with a view to having a field night round the Indian Sugar Duties.

The week has been mainly occupied in Committee on the London Government Bill. Although the interests at stake are colossal, there is nothing heroic about the Bill. It is discussed in a frigidly business-like manner, a group of some twenty members, chiefly representing the Metropolitan monopolising the conversation. When the bell rings for a division members troop in by the score and the hundred, and flock into one or other lobby as they are bidden by the Whips. To do them justice, they make no pretence of understanding the question at issue. Theirs not to wonder why. Theirs but to vote and go back to the smoke-room, the reading-room, or the dining-room. The consequence is seen in the rapid progress of the Bill, which is now certain to be got through Committee before the House separates for the Whitsun holidays.

The Budget is in the same happy state. It came up again on Thursday in its penultimate stage. There was a fresh flood of speech-making. Like earlier outbursts it came to nothing. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stands by his Budget as it was introduced, and there is an end on't.



THE NEW PIER AT TENBY OPENED BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK
FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. ELDRD, R.N.

GRAPHIC COMPETITION FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The previous Photographic Competitions have met with such great success, and have attracted so much interest amongst amateur photographers, who sent in many thousand contributions, that the Directors of *The Graphic* have decided to hold a third competition. There will be Thirty-four prizes.

- FIRST PRIZE . . . £20
- SECOND DO. . . £10
- THIRD DO. . . £5
- FOURTH DO. . . £5

TEN KODAK CAMERAS WORTH £3 3s. EACH

AND TWENTY KODAK CAMERAS WORTH £1 1s. EACH

The prize photographs will be published in *The Graphic*, together with any others which the judges think worthy of special mention. The fee of one guinea will be paid for each photograph reproduced, with the exception of the prize photographs. At the last competition a large number of photographs were selected by the judges for publication and special mention in addition to the prize photographs.

RULES

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, whether mounted or unmounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. A knowledge must be made in *The Graphic* week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to June 1, 1899.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scenes, animals, architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of *The Graphic* Amateur Photographic Competition, 199, Strand, London, W.C.

Additional Photographs have been received from George King, W. G. Lyon, Arthur O'Connell, Hugh C. Elsmore, Gilbert Beith, Gerald Henniker, Mrs. Paul, Rev. J. A. W. Wadmore, "Hugh Sward," W. Dudley, J. C. Lambert, W. Leavers, Edward Harrison, Miss Heneker, Royce M. Wood, Miss Tremayne, A. P. Beaumont, W. G. P. Murray, Ward E. Smith, Henry Standford, F. William Geisse, Mrs. A. Sale, Miss G. L. Macdonald, H. B. C. Hill, S. Polkinghorne, Miss Mary Scott, Miss McEwen, Miss Margaret Mackinnon, Dr. E. T. Wilson, Mrs. Skidmore, G. W. Harker, G. J. Robinson, Miss H. Padgett, E. Ison Baker, Miss Muriel Bell, H. Geer, C. L. Batten, Miss A. A. Forday, P. Godsal, A. Gardner, R. W. Smith, jun.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

IRELAND, May 18, 19 and 20.

TO DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, on May 18, via Liverpool and on May 19, via Morecambe; BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, on Thursday, May 18, and to LONDONDERRY, via LIVERPOOL, and via Morecambe, on Saturday, May 20. See Special Bills for Times, Fares, &c.

SCOTLAND, FRIDAY, May 19.

TO GLASGOW, Greenock, Ayr, Kilmarnock, and the G. and S.W. line leaving St. Pancras at 10 p.m., and to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW (N.B.), Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Inverness, &c., for 5, 8, or 16 days, leaving St. Pancras at 11 p.m.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND SEASIDE.

Friday, May 19, for Three Days, Saturday Midnight, May 20, for Two Days to Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, &c.

SATURDAY, May 20 to

PRINCIPAL MIDLAND TOWNS AND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, BLACKPOOL, MORECAMBE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, SCARBORO', and the North Eastern District, for 3, 6, or 9 days, and to DOUGLAS (Isle of Man) for 10 days.

WHIT MONDAY, May 22, to

ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEEN, LUTON, BEDFORD, KETTERING, LEICESTER, and BIRMINGHAM, returning as per bills.

FRIDAY, May 26,

MANCHESTER (for the Races), leaving St. Pancras at 12.5 a.m. Kentish Town 12.19 a.m.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

CHEAP DAY and WEEK-END EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Whitsuntide Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.

NEW WEEKLY SUMMER EXCURSIONS

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice (commencing May 20), to MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, Lytham, St. Anne's-on-Sea, the Isle of Man, MORECAMBE, LANCASTER, THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, Bridlington, Scarborough, Whitby, &c., for 3, 8, 14, 17, and 21 days.

CHEAP WEEK END TICKETS

are now issued every Friday and Saturday from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and INLAND PLEASURE RESORTS in the "Peak" District of Derbyshire, the North-East Coast, Scotland, and other parts, available for return on the following Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, or Tuesday. Tickets issued on May 19 and 20 will also be available for return on Wednesday, May 24.

APPLY FOR TICKETS, PROGRAMMES and BILLS at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, or at the various Offices of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons.

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AUSTRAL	5,524	ORIZABA	6,297
CUZCO	3,918	OROTAVA	5,857
LUSITANIA	3,912	ORMUZ	6,387
OPHIR	6,910	OROYA	6,297
ORIENT	5,365	ORUBA	5,857

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and OPHIR, 6,910 tons register, 10,000 h.p.

For NORWAY FIORDS and NORTH CAPE (for Midnight Sun),

June 12 to July 10.

For SOUTHERN NORWAY

June 21 to July 8.

For NORWAY, SPITZBERGEN (for Midnight Sun and Polar Pack Ice) and ICELAND,

July 11 to August 12.

For SOUTHERN NORWAY

July 29 to August 14.

For COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG

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CANADIAN PACIFIC TEMPTING TOURS

through varied scenery: Great Lakes; Prairies; Rocky Mountains; Banff Hot Springs; Hunting and Fishing Resorts; Ontario; Manitoba; British Columbia; Swiss Guides in the Rockies. For Tickets, free Illustrated Pamphlets apply C. P. Ry., 67, King William Street, London Bridge, or 30, Cockspur Street, S.W.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS AT WHITSUNTIDE. — CHEAP 14-DAY EXCURSIONS (1st and 2nd Class), SATURDAY, May 20, leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10.0 a.m.; and (1st, 2nd and 3rd class) on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 18, 19, and 20, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9.0 p.m. Fares, 30s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY AT WHITSUNTIDE. — SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

TO DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 19 to 22 (1st and 2nd class). Fares 24s.; 19s., available for return up to May 24.

TO CAEN, from London Bridge and Victoria 6.50 p.m., Thursday, May 18, and 8.50 p.m. Saturday, May 20.

Fares, 30s., 25s., 15s. Available for return the following Monday, Wednesday or Friday.

For full particulars see Handbills, or address Continental Traffic Manager, L. B. & S. C. Ry., London Bridge, S.E.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

Cheap Excursions will be run from Euston, Broad Street, Kensington (Addison Road), Willesden Junction, and other London Stations as follows: — On THURSDAY, May 18.

To DUBLIN, Cork, Killarney, Thurles, Limerick, Bray, Ovoca, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, Navan, GREENORE, BELFAST, Londonderry, Portrush, Armagh, Bundoran Enniskillen, Warrenpoint, Ardglass, Downpatrick, Newcastle (Co. Down), Dundalk, Newry, &c., for sixteen days.

On FRIDAY MORNING, May 19.

To Rugby, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Burton, Derby, Leicester, Nantwich, Whitechurch, Macclesfield, Stoke, and North Staffordshire Line, for four, six, or eight days.

To Abergavenny, Dowlais, Merthyr, Tredegar, Brynmawr, Ebbw Vale, Swansea, Llandilo, for eight days.

To Shrewsbury, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Builth Wells, Rhayader, Welshpool, Wellington, Church Stretton, Craven Arms Hereford, Oswestry, Wrexham, Newtown, Towyn, ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, Dolgelly, HARLECH, Portmadoc, Criccieth, CHESTER, Birkenhead, Holywell, RHYL, Denbigh, Ruthin, Corwen, Abergelle, LLANDUDNO, Conway, Llanrwst, Bettws-y-coed, BANGOR, Llanberis, Carnarvon, Holyhead, &c., for four, eight, eleven, or fifteen days.

On FRIDAY NIGHT, May 19.

To Carlisle, Moffat, Dumfries, Newton Stewart, Stranraer, Greenock, Gourock, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Dumbarton, Balloch, Aberdeen, Montrose, Forfar, Dundee, Perth, Oban, Fort William, Stirling, Inverness, &c., for five, eight, and sixteen days.

To LIVERPOOL, BLACKPOOL, SOUTHPORT, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, Carnforth, the Lake District, and Furness Line, Douglas (Isle of Man) &c., for three, seven, ten, or fourteen days.

To Douglas (Isle of Man), via Liverpool, for ten days.

To Stafford, Crewe, Runcorn, LIVERPOOL, Preston, Blackpool, Warrington, Widnes, SOUTHPORT, Wigan, Bolton, Blackburn, Northwich, Stockport, MANCHESTER, Oldham, Stalybridge, Puxton, Ashton, Batley, Dewsbury, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, &c. To Lancaster, Morecambe, Carnforth, Carlisle, the English Lake District and Furness Line for three, five, and seven days.

On SATURDAY, May 20.

To Douglas, Isle of Man, via Fleetwood (from Euston only), or ten days.

To Leamington, Kenilworth, Coventry, Warwick, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, Dudley Port, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, for three, six, and eight days.

On SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, May 20.

To Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, and Stockport, for two days.

On WHIT MONDAY, May 22 (from Euston and Willesden Junction only).

To Birmingham, Coventry, Leamington, Kenilworth, WARWICK, Dudley, Dudley Port, Walsall, Wednesbury, and WOLVERHAMPTON, for one, four, and five days.

On TUESDAY, May 23 (from Euston only).

To Wolverton, for one and two days.

On THURSDAY MIDNIGHT, May 25 (from Euston only).

To Manchester, for two days.

For Times, Fares, and full Particulars see Small Bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or Town Offices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

Euston Station, London, May 8, 1899.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S SUMMER CRUISES.

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From Albert Dock, Leith to Caithness and the Orkney and Shetland Islands, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, and from Aberdeen five times a week, from May 1 to September 30. Full particulars from Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, 102, Queen Victoria Street, London E.C.; Wordie and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Hourston, 61, Constitution Street, Leith; Charles Merrylees, Manager, Aberdeen.

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of

LIFE in the WILDS of AFRICA.

Depicted by

FRANK E. FILLIS.

TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8.30.

Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s.

A Horde of Savages direct from Africa, comprising Matabeles, Basutos, Swazies, Hottentots, &c.

FAMILIES OF CAPE and TRANSVAAL BOERS.

THE EXPERT MALAY DRIVERS and THEIR CAPE CARTS.

EXTRAORDINARY KORAMMA WOMEN.

FEMALES OF VARIOUS SAVAGE TRIBES.

SOUTH AFRICAN TROOPERS.

HEROES OF THE MATABELE WAR.

WILSON'S HEROIC STAND AT SHANGANI RIVER.

WILD WILDBEESTS.

300 Horses, Basuto Ponies, Mules, and Zebras, besides a

COLOSSAL AGGREGATION of the WILD FAUNA OF

SOUTH AFRICA.

African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Bucks, Cranes, Immense Baboons,

Wild Dog, Giant African Tortoises, and

A HERD OF ELEPHANTS.

WAGGONS and SPANS of 14 TRAINED OXEN.

THE ORIGINAL GWELO STAGE COACH.

Being the actual Coach that was attacked by the Matabele in the War of 1896, and almost hacked to pieces by battle axes. Repaired at considerable trouble, and

IT WILL BE ATTACKED BY MATABELE DAILY.

In

THE MATABELE WAR.

A Grand, Realistic Display, in which 300 SAVAGES, African Police, British and

Native Troopers and Settlers will take part.

Exciting Scenes. Horses Plunging over Precipitous Crags into the Roaring

Torrent beneath.

THE WHOLE UNDER COVER.

THE KAFFIR KRAAL.

Peopled by 300 natives.

Genuine Scenes of Savage Life, Customs and Manners.

Sports and Pastimes, Bathing Elephants, War Dances, &c.

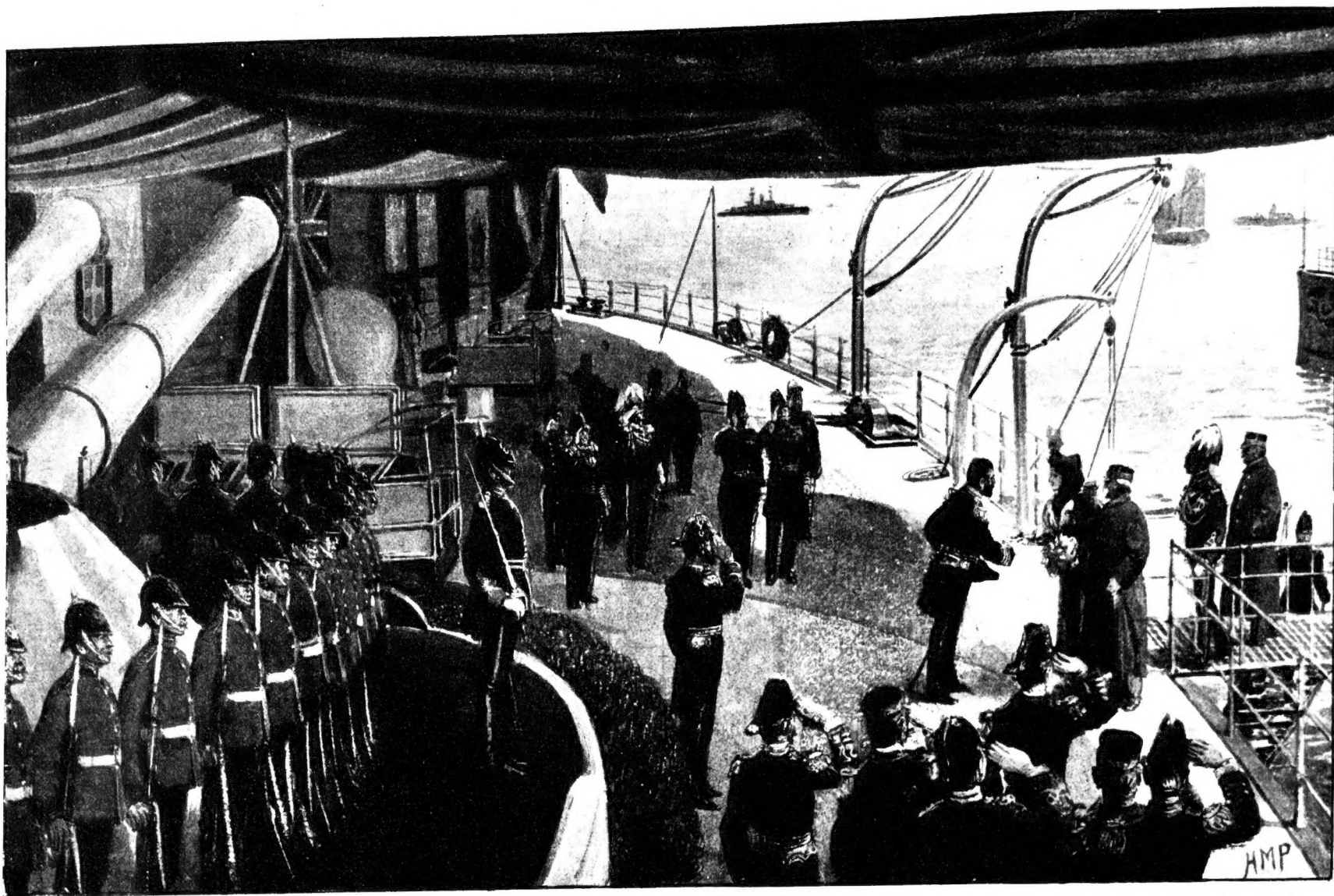
GEO. REES' GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND (Corner of Savoy Street).

ENGRAVINGS and ETCHINGS, SUITABLE for WEDDING PRESENT

"THE GRASS-CROWNED HEADLAND," Peter Graham, R.A.; "LITTLE FATIMA,"

Lord Leighton, P.R.A.; "SALMON FISHING," Douglas Adams; "THE STIRRUP</



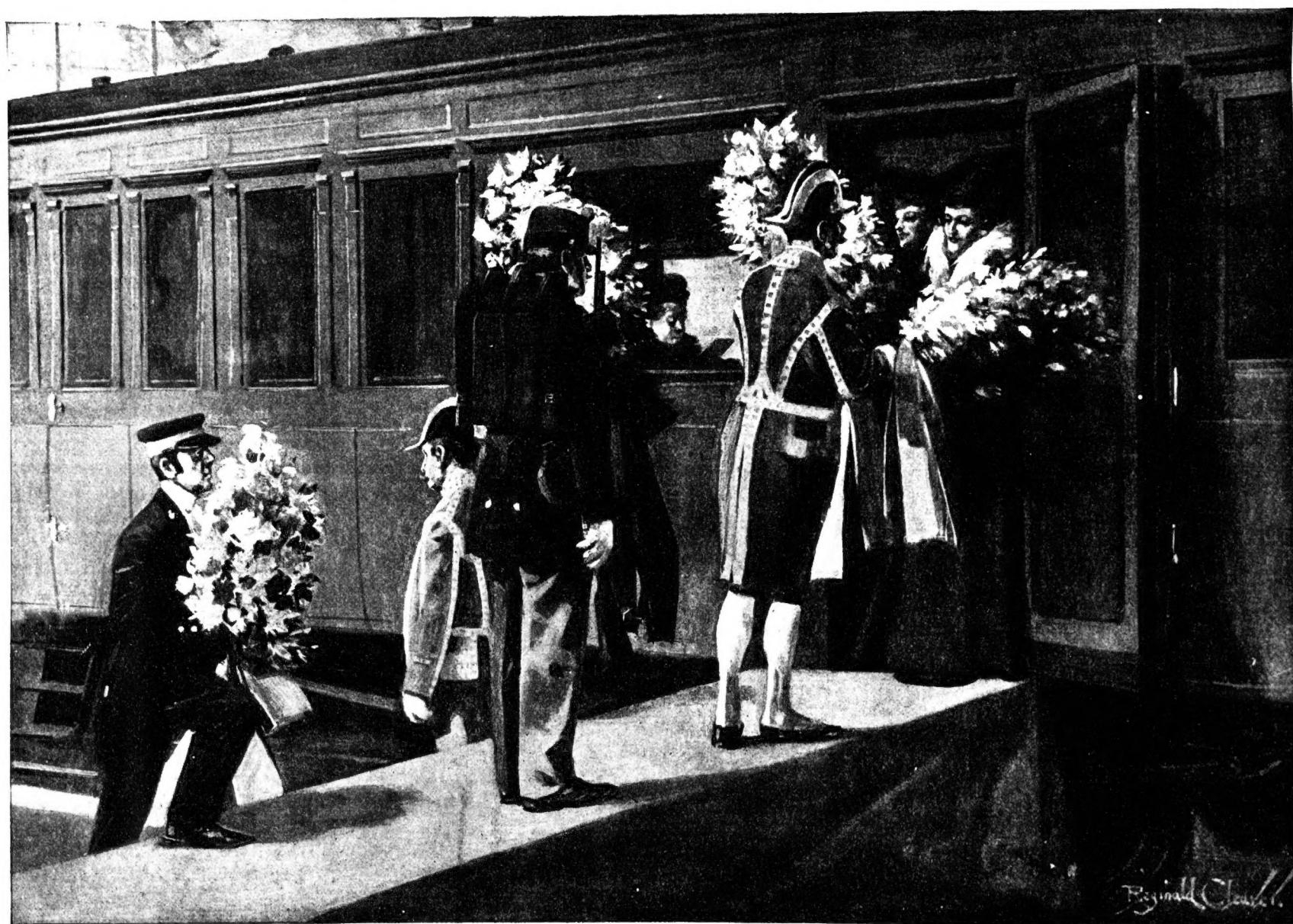
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY H. J. LITTLE, R.N.

After the review of the Channel Squadron and the Italian fleet in Aranci the Royal yacht came to anchor, and the King, in his Royal Large, with the Queen, visited Vice-Admiral Sir H. Rawson, on H.M.S. *Majestic*. The British Ambassador at Rome was also present. This was a signal for another Royal salute

of twenty-one guns. The Royal visitors were entertained to lunch on board the *Majestic*. Our illustration depicts Admiral Rawson receiving their Majesties on the quarter-deck


THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY IN SARDINIA: A ROYAL VISIT TO H.M.S. "MAJESTIC"




PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AND PRINCESS BEATRICE RECEIVING BOUQUETS AT THE CARRIAGE DOOR

THE QUEEN'S HOME-COMING: THE DEPARTURE FROM THE RAILWAY STATION AT NICE


DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



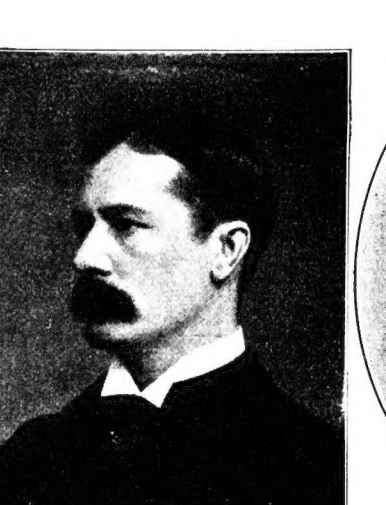
PROFESSOR O. M. EDWARDS
New M.P. for Merionethshire




THE LATE SIR H. S. NAYLOR-LEYLAND
M.P. for Lancs., Southport Division



MISS S. F. FOX
First M.B. of Durham



MR. A. HENDERSON, M.P.
New Chairman of the Great Central Railway



THE REV. THOMAS FOWLER, D.D.
New Vice-Chancellor of Oxford

Our Portraits

THE Earl of Wharncliffe having resigned the position of Chairman of the Great Central Railway owing to ill-health, Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P., was last week unanimously elected Chairman of the Company in his stead. Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P. for the West Division of Staffordshire, is the son of Mr. George Henderson, of Langholm, Dumfries, and was born in 1850. He was a partner in the firm of Greenwood and Co., stockbrokers. He was elected a director of the Great Central Railway in 1894 in the room of the late Mr. C. H. Firth, and has taken a prominent part in the financial arrangements of the Company's extension of their line to London. He is also a director of the Manchester Ship Canal, and is joint proprietor of Shelton Ironworks. Mr. Henderson, who is a Liberal Unionist, was returned to Parliament for the West Division of Staffordshire in May last year on the death of Mr. Hamar Pass.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Professor Owen Morgan Edwards, who has just been returned unopposed in the Liberal interest for Merionethshire, in succession to the late Mr. T. E. Ellis, is, like his predecessor, a native of the county which he now represents. He is the son of a farmer, and was educated at University College, Aberystwith. While there he graduated with first-class honours at London University. Then he proceeded to Glasgow University, and there won some of the highest prizes. From Glasgow he went to Oxford, where he became a scholar of Balliol, winning the Brackenbury History Scholarship. He was awarded the Stanhope Prize for an historical essay in 1886, and the Lothian Historical Essay Prize in 1887, and other prizes. He took his degree in 1888, and was subsequently elected a Fellow of Lincoln College and Lecturer in

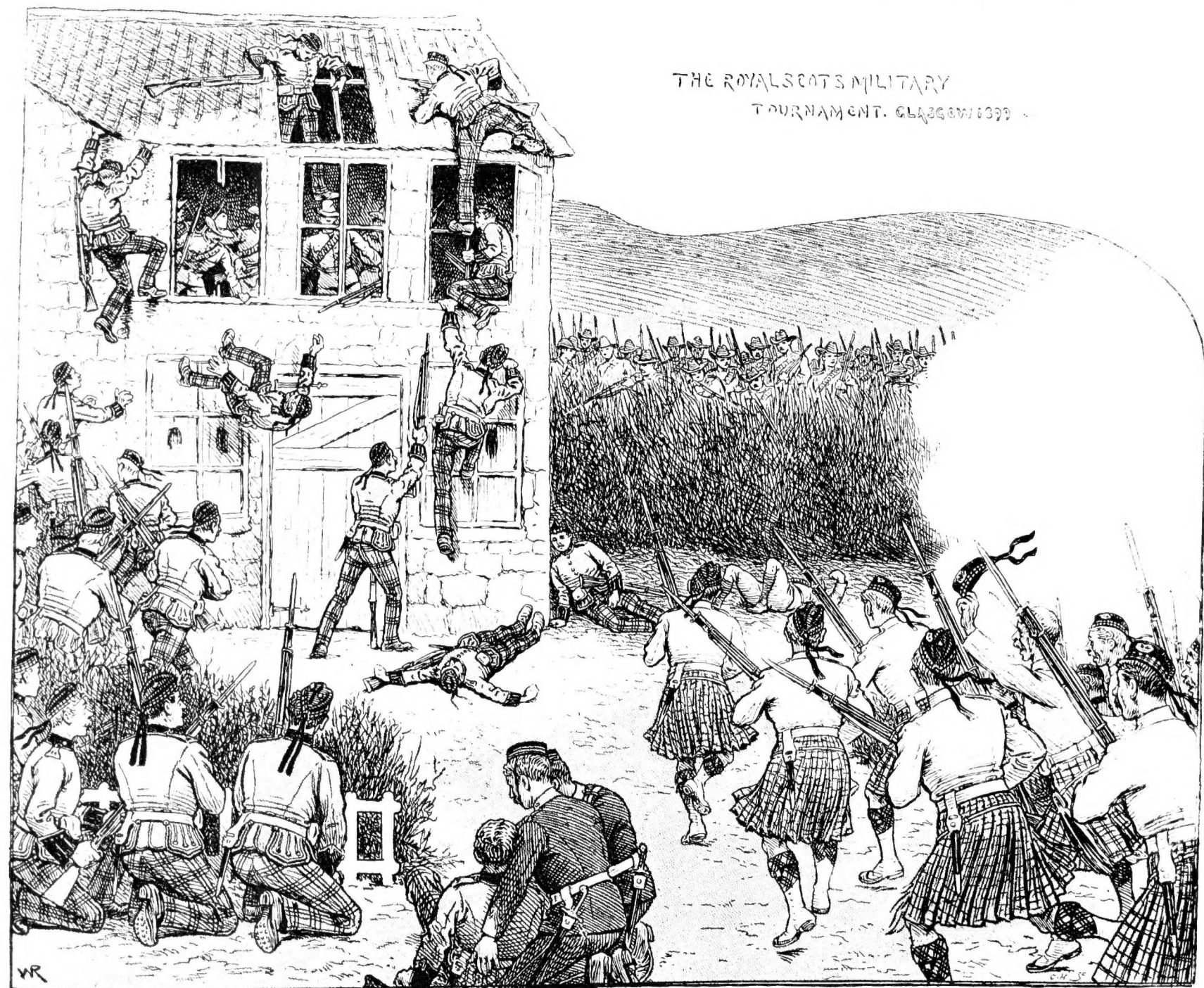
Modern History to that College and to Corpus. He has also been tutor at Trinity, and is one of the Examiners in Foreign Honours School of Modern History. Professor Edwards is the proprietor of several magazines printed in the Welsh language, and has published numerous editions of the Welsh classics.—Our portrait is by Gillman and Co., Oxford.

Sir William Anson has resigned the Vice-Chancellorship of Oxford University after a few months' tenure of the office, and it is practically certain that he will be returned to Parliament in the place of the late Sir John Mowbray. In the meantime, on the nomination of Lord Salisbury, Chancellor of the University, the Rev. Thomas Fowler, D.D., LL.D., President of Corpus Christi College, has been elected Vice-Chancellor. Dr. Fowler was born in 1832, and was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, whence he proceeded at the age of seventeen to Merton College, Oxford. He has resided in the University ever since. In 1854 he graduated, taking a first-class in classics and a first-class in mathematics, and in the following year became Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College. He was Select Preacher in 1872-3, and was Professor of Logic from 1873 to 1888. Since 1881 he has been President of Corpus Christi College. Dr. Fowler has spent much of his leisure time in foreign travel. He is well known as an author, among his principal books being "Elements of Deductive Logic," 1867 (which reached its tenth edition in 1892), "Elements of Inductive Logic," 1870 (which reached its sixth edition in 1892), Locke, in the "English Men of Letters Series," Francis Bacon, Shaftesbury, and Haldane in the "English Philosophers Series," and a "History of Corpus Christi College."—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Sir Herbert Scarisbrick Naylor-Leyland, M.P. for the Southport

Division of Lancashire, who died on Sunday afternoon, after a long illness, was the son of Colonel Tom Naylor-Leyland, of Nantchwyd Hall, Denbighshire, and was born in 1864. After passing through the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, he obtained a commission in the Second Life Guards in 1882. He was promoted to be captain in 1891, and retired from the Army in 1895. He was returned to Parliament, in the Conservative interest, as member for Colchester in 1892, and sat for that constituency until 1895, when he became a convert to Home Rule, and resigned his seat. When the Liberal Government went out of office, a few months later, he was created a baronet. At the General Election he stood as a Liberal for the Southport Division of Lancashire, but was defeated by Mr. G. N. Curzon (now Lord Curzon of Kedleston). When the latter was made Viceroy of India, Sir H. Naylor-Leyland again contested the constituency, and won the seat from the Conservatives, his opponent being the present Earl of Lathom, then Lord Skelmersdale. Sir H. Naylor-Leyland married, in 1889, Jeannie, daughter of Mr. W. S. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. He succeeded in the title by his son, Albert Edward Herbert, a godson of the Prince of Wales, who was born in 1890.—Our portrait is by J. A. Kay, Southport.

It is five years since medical degrees were open to women at Durham University, and now it is announced that a lady student has taken honours in the final examination for Bachelor of Medicine, and not only so, but heads the list. All the other candidates were men. The lady who has won such high distinction is Miss Selina FitzHerbert Fox, a daughter of Mr. F. Fox, M.L.C.E., of Wimbledon. Miss Fox studied at the London School of Medicine for Women and at the College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne. She is, it is understood, destined to become a medical missionary.—Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Wimbledon.



A Military Tournament, organised to provide funds for the Glasgow Soldiers' Home and Royal Scots' Association, was held in Glasgow last week before a large and appreciative audience. The most popular item in the programme was a large set scene representing the attack and defence of a house. The house was supposed to be held by filibusters, who fired on a patrol of Royal Scots Greys. Heavy fighting took place, the machine guns were brought into action, and the enemy were eventually defeated with the assistance of a naval brigade.

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN GLASGOW IN AID OF CHARITIES: THE SET SCENE

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

The Royal Academy—III.

ALTHOUGH one may truly say that there is no great landscape picture at this year's Exhibition, there are many pictures which justify the reputation of English painters as students and transcribers of Nature. It is curious to observe the extraordinary variety of vision, of temperament, and of point of view among the artists. This one is realistic, for whom the correct drawing of every leaf and limb of every tree is an article of faith; that is to say, the aboriginal and horticulturist—the artist who is half scientist, or more than half. Then we have the painter for whom the poetry of the scene is the first consideration. Another who looks to it only for the strong or tender colours it permits him to combine and harmonise; for him the face of nature is a palette set by the Eternal Hand, whose master-colours it is his endeavour to match. Yet another aims only at rendering the atmosphere in which the scene is bathed; a fifth, with ambition less lofty, sees in it only an opportunity for an experiment to be made in the rendering of shadows, in order to prove, maybe, that these are not grey but purple, or the reverse. Another seeks, by sweep of line and cunning arrangement, to build up a noble composition in "the grand style," or yet again his object may be to record a place or a view, so that its portrait may be recognised, and its accuracy be rewarded with applause. *Quot homines tot studia in tabulis pictis*; but for the average visitor there are but two sorts of landscape art, the real and the ideal.

In the Academy there is little or no evidence of that strenuous, intense seeking after strange "effects" of light that is the modern passion abroad: the hopeless effort to reproduce light and sunshine that will be true in fact—in colour and in strength, and at the same time harmonious and restrained. It is this motive that has given rise to the Monets and Pissarros, and called into being such "schools" as the "Luminists" and the rest. Instinctively, English painters seem to have recognised that such results cannot be quite satisfactorily obtained, for sunlight is so violent and in so high a key that we must perforce be resigned to a convention. The landscape at the Academy, therefore, confines itself within the classic limits, satisfied that the limits offer opportunity for vigour of effect sufficient to all but the red radicals of painting. What need be stronger than Mr. Waterlow's charming "Côte d'Azur," or, in another way, than Mr. Colin Hunter's "Signs of Herring," and its half-brother, Mr. MacWhirter's "Dark Loch Cornish"? The most delightful landscapes, like the most pleasing perfumes, are not those which are the strongest. The bright liquid vigour of Mr. David Murray's work, the strong yet well-ordered realism of Mr. Mark Fisher's, the delicate qualities of Mr. East's silvers and greys and golds, the watery splendours of Mr. Albert Goodwin's inventions, or the murky quietness of M. Fritz Thaulow's smoky sky and running water—(M. Thaulow can paint water-movement, the very tide itself)—these express themselves without the aid of illogical realism. Young Mr. Onslow Ford, with his "February Morning," shows how far a student need go, without romping over his canvas with all the primaries set upon his canvas to scream a challenge to Nature with. Mr. Alfred Parsons uses a very emphatic, and not altogether pleasing, contrast of colour in "The Village by the Links," with its bold sweep of ruddy cloud curling back

and up into the heavens, while yellow flowers bloom in the foreground. Mr. Lionel Smythe paints his garden and "The Farmer's Last Harvest," with subtle colour to reinforce the beautiful and delicate drawing, and is challenged in his flower painting by Mr. Robert Macbeth and, especially, Monsieur Fautin-Latour.

"Greater Britain"

THE ordinary Londoner divides Earl's Court into two parts. There is the Earl's Court of the bandstands and the marble-topped



A LITTLE PICCANINNY AND HIS THREE-YEAR-OLD
From a Photograph by Gear, Chidley, and Co., Great Portland Street

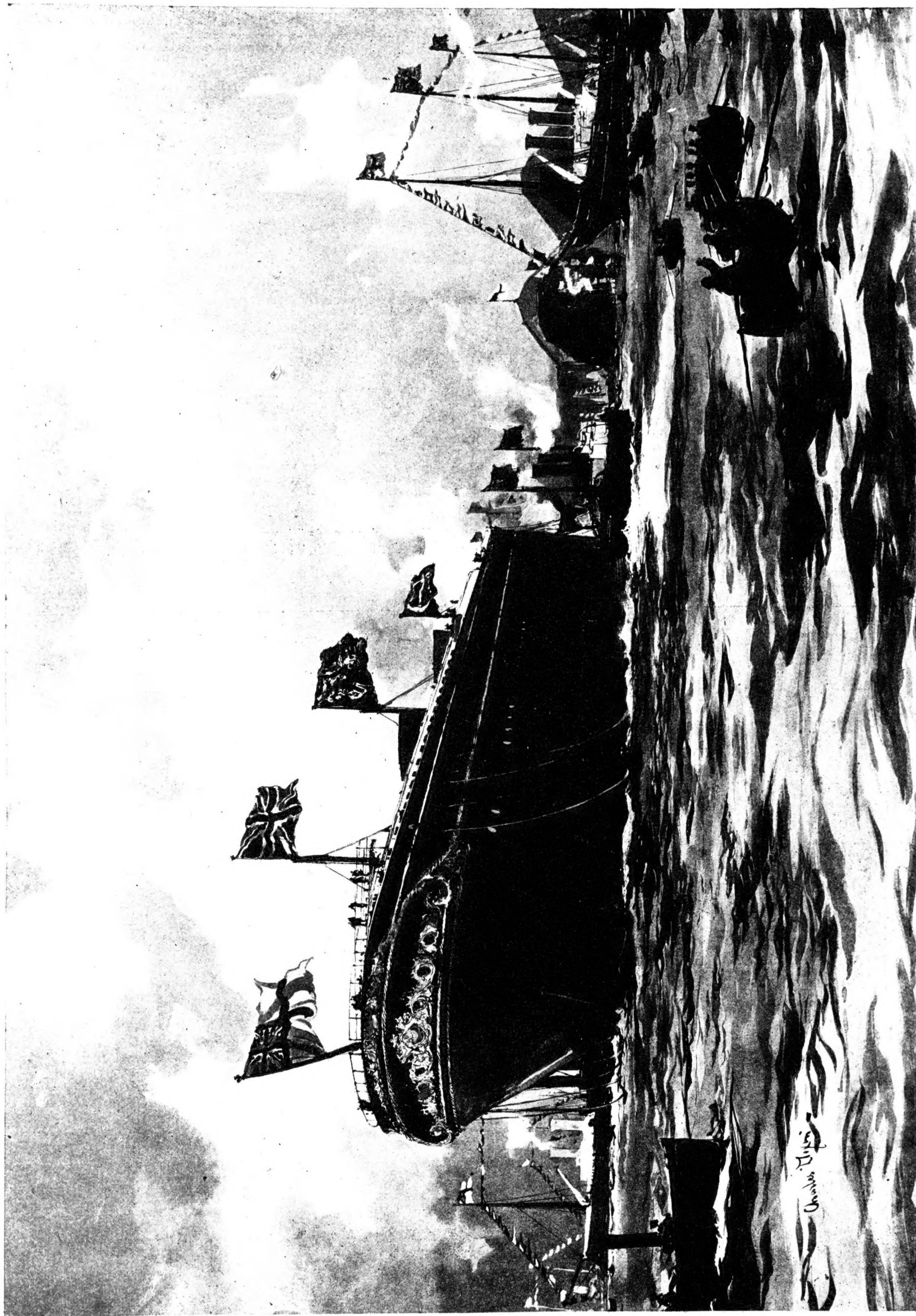
tables, the sequestered lawns and shady dining pavilions, where during the swiftly flying weeks of late spring and early summer the Londoner at home can almost imagine himself a Londoner abroad, and there is the Earl's Court of side-shows and elaborate exhibits, of panoramas and spectacles of chutes and other aerial

experiences which he usually leaves until the children come home for their holidays. This is, of course, a generalisation. Even Londoners who have seen everything may have a weakness for so nothing—perhaps for the educational influence of the Old Exhibits of butter and apples and pounds of cheese which have year replaced the bazaars of less instructive wares; perhaps for the switchback.

Putting aside, however, these extremes of Earl's Court entertainment, the member of the public who resolves to see what there is to be seen before settling down in front of the bandstand will find a long programme in front of him. At present it does not appear likely that he will feel called upon to go up in the balloon, but this year there is no balloon. In place of it is a water chute of familiar pattern but of a more imposing appearance than it has had in the old days of the water show. It runs down the water basin of the Queen's Court; and the visitor desirous of renewing an old sensation has a longer run for his money than formerly. Leading off the Queen's Court also is the Kaffir village, a picturesque and redolent enclosure, with native-built huts and a population of extremely expansive manners. The native Buffalo Bill's Red Indian village used to sit in their wigwags the stolidity that all readers of Fenimore Cooper have been in the habit of expecting of the stoical Choctaw; but the South African braves have a good deal of the effervescence of the Mohawk Minstrels. Another in the exhibition of a calmer type is the Cairo bazaar, constructed with a good deal of architectural completeness, and rejoicing in the possession of two singularly supercilious camels and some native donkeys. The pride of the village, however, is its voluntary school, where a mocking greybeard hears a party of dasky, clear-skinned infants recite their sentences from the Koran. Last and biggest there is the "Savage South Africa" in the centre, where six months ago the guns of the Naval Manœuvres were firing and spurring out a pungent odour of fireworks. Putting aside the question of the desirability of inviting the Cape Kaffir to London, and it must always be remembered that the untutored natives have extended a similar invitation to us—there is no doubt of his capacity as a stage super. The entertainment in the Empress Theatre is an agreeable blend of the Agricultural Hall, Buffalo Bill's Indian Village, the March to Chitral, with a dash of the Somaliland natives who appeared a year or so ago at the Crystal Palace. But it is a deal better than any of its prototypes, better stage-managed, more realistic, more interesting, and less dull. The savage in his prime, having a great deal of leisure on his hands, conducts his War Dances and tribal ceremonies at inordinate length, imparting excitement to them if needs be by bringing down a neighbour with a knob-kerry. But with the latter portion of the ceremony necessarily omitted, the savage rite, when performed in a Christian country, is usually interminable and dull. That is not so in the case of "Savage South Africa," where natives contrive out of a certain effervescent vanity to be always in the eye of the spectator. The Indaba with its rhetorical Lobengula, its hoarsely shouting indans and their war cry rising like the "husky whispering wave," is one of the weirdest things that London has ever been given the opportunity to see; and "Wilson's Last Stand" by the river is a spectacle which rises superior to unreality into pathos.

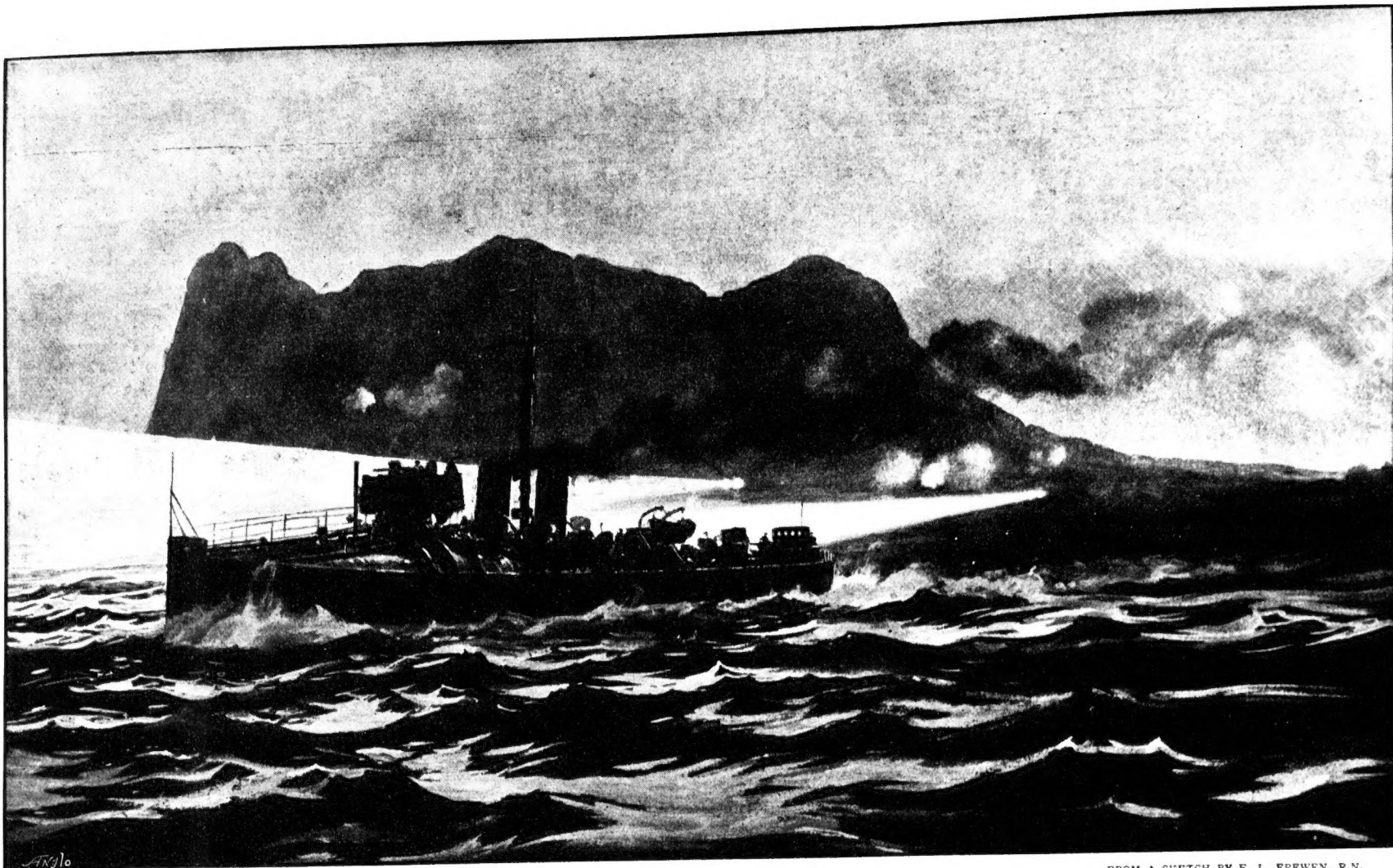


"GREATER BRITAIN": SKETCHES AT THE EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT, OPENED ON MONDAY



THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AT PEMBROKE DOCK: AFLOAT FOR THE FIRST TIME

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON



FROM A SKETCH BY E. L. FREWEN, R.N.

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

Some interesting manoeuvres were recently carried out off Gibraltar, when night attacks on four occasions were made on the Rock by the destroyers *Dragon* and *Boxer*, and Nos. 88 and 92 torpedo-boats. Hostilities began each night at eight, and finished at midnight. The weather was all against the attacking party, the sea being calm and the moon being bright. The first three attacks failed, but on the fourth night the boats

acted independently, and scored a distinct success, three out of the four reaching the entrance without being fired on. Our illustration shows H.M.S. *Boxer* keeping in the rays of the searchlight while one of the torpedo-boats delivered her attack on the second night.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES BY THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON: A NIGHT ATTACK ON GIBRALTAR



A banquet was given by the Highland Associations of London to Colonel Hector A. MacDonald last Saturday at the Hotel Cecil, when he was presented with a sword of honour. The Duke of Atholl took the chair, and was supported by General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and many distinguished officers, the Agents-

General from almost all the great Colonies, and other influential persons. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the whole evening, but the climax was reached when the Duke of Atholl buckled on the sword of honour upon the Colonel, the company according that gallant officer Highland honours.

THE PRESENTATION TO COLONEL HECTOR MACDONALD: THE DUKE OF ATHOLL BUCKLING ON THE SWORD OF HONOUR

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL



"In a moment Faith was on her knees, and was engaged in the extraction of the prickle. As Faith was engaged on the knee, for a moment she looked up, and saw that the back kitchen door was ajar, and that the convict was looking through at the visitor. His heavy jaw was set, and his glistening eyes were mustering the new intruder"

SIXPENCE ONLY

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by W. RAINEY

I.

FAITH stirred the pot that hung upon a crook above the peat fire on the large open hearth of the kitchen. The contents were simmering and exhaled a savory odour. Potatoes, some onion, and here and there shreds of bacon, the whole soured in water; these formed the ingredients of the stew that was to serve her grandmother and herself for supper.

There was more in the vessel than these two women would require for a meal. Indeed, the old granddam would consume of it nothing but the broth; but the same condiments would continue in use for subsequent meals, now cold, then warmed up again for another day, or even for two.

They were alone in the cottage, the half-paralysed failing grandmother and the young girl. No man was near, nobody whatever was near. The cottage stood in a dip of moorland with stunted thorns and a few split sycamores about it, a little above a brawling stream; bogs, granite clatters, stretches of heathery moorland extended for miles around, and the only living creatures near were sheep, half-wild ponies, and the curlew and plover; and in the stream the darting black trout, and in their season the salmon. It was but rarely that the loneliness of the inhabitants of the cottage was broken in upon. Occasionally a moorman came to the door of Assacombe, as the little farm or cottage was named, to inquire after a strayed sheep, or to beg Faith to look after a newly foaled colt for a day or two, that it did not stray into a bog and get mired.

Occasionally, also, a solitary fisherman passed up or down the stream casting his rod, but he rarely called at the cottage.

Almost the only incident in the uniform life on the moor, throughout the year, was when the foxhounds went by after Reynard, in full tongue, followed by a comet tail of redcoats and a drift of farmers in fustian.

Then at Faith would go to the door, shade her eyes, and watch the wild hunt as it swept by, till the last speck of scarlet vanished

over the brow of the hill, and would then return within, seek her granddam, and describe to her what she had seen.

But now it was evening. Faith had lighted a candle, and she was stooping over the pot; she gave it a stir, and replaced the lid. Then, kneeling by the hearth, she prepared the kettle-bread. This is a lump of dough well kneaded that is laid on the slab of the hearth, an iron pot is turned upside down over it, and red-hot ashes are raked together into a sort of mound about and above the pot; that done, the dough is left to rise and become baked into a loaf under it. No baker's bread can compare for flavour and excellence with this "kettle-bread;" all the sweet juices of the wheat are retained instead of being dispersed, and what it lacks in whiteness is compensated for by flavour and by nourishing power.

Having scraped the cairn of glowing peat-ash about the pot, Faith fetched a bowl of British-lustre ware from the rack, and proceeded to dip out the soup from the simmering stew for her grandmother.

"I be a comin', granny," called she in answer to a plaintive voice from a further chamber. "Just, you know, a smack o' salt and a dust o' pepper, then her's reg'lar prime, her be."

Some more spoonfuls were ladled out.

"Her smellth terrible good, that her do, I reckon," said the girl, and straightened herself. She was a tall, powerful, handsome wench, of about two-and-twenty, with lustrous dark full eyes, with rich colour in her cheeks, and full ripe lips. The lashes of her lids were of unusual length, and gave great depth and softness to her eyes. Her hair was of a chestnut brown, and abundant. The sleeves were turned up, exposing round fresh arms, well moulded.

With the bowl of soup in one hand, the candle in the other, she entered the old woman's room, and the burnished Bristol ware gleamed with reflections from the candle.

"Shall I make 'ee comfortable first, grannie?" asked Faith.

"There, now, you'll have a beautiful supper. No—you've got hold o' the can'tle and not the spoon. Can'ty see, my dear?"

"I'm gettin' blinder every day," sighed the old woman, and,

indeed, there was a film over her eyes that proclaimed the spread of cataract.

"Oh, niver mind that," said Faith cheerily, "'tis not as if you had to run about and wanted 'em, as for what there be to see you can use mine, and at your service, you know. Shall I make your bed now, or after you've eaten, grannie?"

The old woman elected to partake of the broth first. Faith remained at her side, speaking to her in pleasant, encouraging tones, till the grandmother had finished, and then she put the bowl on the table and proceeded to help her out in her strong arms, and then to make the bed, shake the pillow, and smooth the linen sheets.

"There, dear, I reckon you'll sleep like a cherrybeam. It's fresh and plum and clean." She lifted the helpless old creature back to the bed, drew the clothes over her, then dressed her hair, put on the cap, pulled out the fringe, kissed the grandmother, and taking up the candle and half-empty bowl returned to the kitchen.

In the doorway her foot was arrested and her heart stood still. She saw before her at the hearth the form of a man, who was bowed over the pot and was helping himself out of it with his fingers, regardless of scalding, and was cramming the bits of bacon and potatoes into his mouth. As she entered, and the candle-light irradiated the kitchen, the man turned and looked at her.

She saw a young face without beard or moustache—the fellow could hardly have been aged more than twenty—but had a bad face, oldened by vice, and the close-cropped hair and the grey costume with its coloured edging at once announced what he was—a convict; and he must have escaped from the prison at Prince Town.

Considerate of her grandmother, even in such a supreme moment, Faith at once shut the door behind her and set her back against it.

With his eye on her the hungry convict continued to eat. He picked out the bacon from among the potatoes and stuffed it into

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

his mouth, and chewing, observed the girl attentively and without uttering a sound. Faith considered for a moment what was best to be done; what, indeed, it was possible for her to do. Then she advanced across the stone floor towards the intruder, and said in a whisper: "Make no noise, a sick woman is within. Eat what you want and begone."

"Fine that," answered the man in a low voice. "I ain't goin' wandering on these bloomin' moors all night, not I, if I can find a bed to lie on and a roof to cover me. Nay, lass, 'tain't pertatus only I wants; there's more nor that. I must have a set o' clothes in which to escape, and here"—he turned up the soles of his boots—"look at this darned broad arrow made o' nails in the bottoms. Wherever I tre'ds, in muck or mire, there I leaves my print. It's right enough on the turf, but on the roads I can be followed sure as a traction engine. I must have boots and a suit o' clothes if I'm to be got rid of."

"That is more than I can give you. We are but two women in this house, and one is paralysed."

"Curse it!" exclaimed the man. "I've burnt my fingers." His intonation showed he was a Northerner.

Faith handed him the bowl and spoon.

"Help yourself with these," she said, "but make no disturbance. Finish what you want to satisfy you and begone."

"Who is to thrust me out? Thou or the paralysed woman? There is no man in the house."

The girl was silent.

"I told you my intent. I sleep here. Let me see your boots. We are about of an height; chance they may fit me."

"If I give you mine will you begone?"

"Let me see 'em fust. It may be I'll take the advantage of the darkness and be off."

Faith went into the back kitchen, where on the shelf she kept a strong pair of laced half-boots. She was reluctant to part with them, but anything were better than to have this man longer in the cottage.

Returning to the kitchen, she placed the pair on the table.

"There," she said, "you may try them on. I cannot say you are welcome, but take 'em and begone."

The young man laid down the spoon and placed the bowl on the table. He had satisfied his first cravings of hunger.

Then he placed himself on a chair, and removed his thick, excellent boots, made by convicts in the Government workshop.

He turned over those of Faith's critically. "I've my doubts," said he; and then proceeded to thrust his right foot into the corresponding boot.

He struggled hard to force it in, his face waxed blood red with the effort, but it was unavailing. With an oath he withdrew his foot. "No go," said he. "Dash my eyes, I'd give as much as I'm worth for a pair as would fit me. What be your mother's boots like?"

"My grandmother has no strong pair, she has been a cripple for years."

"Bring me her slippers then."

"They are smaller than my boots."

The young fellow rested his chin in his hand, and sat looking at Faith.

"Thou'rt a handsome lass," said he, "but thou'd be a bloomin' sight handsomer if thy feet was bigger."

"I didn't make 'em, and I can't alter 'em," retorted the girl.

He was now in his stocking soles. His feet were sodden with wet. He had been wading in bogs whilst on the moors.

"Curse my eyes," said he. "If I set the leather before the fire 'twill get hard, and I shan't be able to get the boots on again to-morrow. By heaven! I wish I'd a chance of a suit, and a pair without them darned broad arrows on the soles!"

A rap at the door.

He started and the colour left his cheek.

"If you betray me," he muttered, "by God I'll murder you. It's them warders is arter me."

Instantly he slipped by into the back kitchen, and closed the door, but with readiness he had whipped up his boots and carried them with him.

Faith went to the entrance and opened the door.

Without was dark night.

She carried the candle, and the light fell on a young man in a tweed suit, carrying a fishing-rod.

"I say," said he, "is this a hotel?"

"Hotel!" gasped Faith.

"Well, I say, where the deuce am I?"

"You'm come to Assacombe," answered the girl.

"And where the dickens is that?"

"On Dartmoor."

"Well, any fool could tell that. What river have you here?"

"The Assacombe Brook."

"And where the devil does it run?"

"Into the Teign."

"Hang it; and how far from civilisation?"

"There baint such a town near. There's Chagford—I reckon some seven miles off—do you mean that?"

"By Jove, I'm done for. I've got a thorn or something in my knee cripples me. Seven miles! and in the dark. It's impossible. I say—can you take me in for the night? I'll pay. Look here. I've got a purse and am not a tramp. I'm a gentleman—I travel for soap—and can pay. I want something to eat, and a clean bed, and charge reasonably, then I'll take it, and give you something extra for your trouble."

"Please, sir, I'm very sorry we can't take you in."

"Blow it! You're not savages here, to drive a poor beggar away. I tell you I'm crippled and have lost my way. I've been fishing all day and caught nothing—not had a bite. Confounded rot, fishing on this Dartmoor. Not a bite. Fish too shy. Hang it. I'm hungry as a mouse. What have you in that pot? It smells appetising. Give me a mouthful, and we'll talk over the situation."

The young man with assurance entered, laid his fishing-rod aside, and, drawing the chair to the table, seated himself.

"My leg is stiff. I fancy a prickle has got in."

"Please, sir, I can give you some potatoes and bacon. But we cannot lodge you here to-night."

"We'll see to that. I can pay, I tell you. Money, I doubt not, is scarce in this howling wilderness. Ugh! I suffer."

With a groan he put out his leg.

Faith stood in bewilderment.

"I've got a thorn in my knee," said he. "I'm fearful of taking another step, lest it work up into the joint."

"Yes," said the girl. "I know that—it is dangerous. It must be got out at once. If you don't mind, sir, I will do it. You may be lamed for life, if it be allowed to work in too deep."

"You are very good," said the fisherman. "I must put my modesty into my empty fishing-basket. Hang it up. A thousand thanks."

Then the voice of the old woman was heard calling.

"Yes, granny, yes! Comin', comin'."

Faith went to the paralysed woman's room.

"Who is there? To whom are you talking?" asked the grandmother.

"There be a young gen'man as has been fishing, hev lost his way, and gotten a prickle into his knee joint, and can't walk no longer. He wants us to take him in the night and give him meat."

"Well," said the old woman, "us mustn't be rude or uncivil. He can sit by the fire all night, or you can give him your chamber and come here by me. I reckon there's tates in the pot for his supper."

"If you think so—well," answered the girl. She had been considering. It would, indeed, be an advantage to have a man in the house. Even though somewhat lame and not strongly built, he might be some protection against the convict; his presence there might be an inducement to the escaped criminal to make off.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's revolution of thought; "yes, granny, he shall stay here."

She returned to the kitchen.

Meanwhile the fisherman had bared his knee, and, holding the candle to it, said, "It is really a shame to ask you to do it, but you see I can't work it myself—there must be a second hand and eye."

"I can do it in a moment," said Faith. "I'll get a needle—and have you a sharp knife?"

"Yes, here it is—a penknife."

In a moment Faith was on her knees, and was engaged in the extraction of the prickle. It was that of the gorse. A bush had been struck by the young man as he passed through it, and one of the spines had entered just below the kneecap, and unless extracted would have made it impossible for him to take a step further, every movement forcing the spike inward. As Faith was engaged on the knee, for a moment she looked up, and saw that the back kitchen door was ajar, and that the convict was looking through at the visitor. His heavy jaw was set, and his glistening eyes were mustering the new intruder.

"Sir," said the girl, raising herself on her knees, and speaking distinctly, "Gran'mother sez, sez she, you be to sleep here; and us'll make you as comfortable as us can. And I reckon there's some't still in the pot for your supper."

"I thank you. I can pay for it," replied the youth.

Faith caught the eye of the convict. She saw a strange flash come into it. He closed his lips and withdrew his head.

"Will you be so good as to hold the candle close," said she to the fisherman.

He obeyed, and a moment later, with her darning needle, she had drawn forth the spine that had occasioned so much pain.

"There you are, sir," she exclaimed.

"By George, I'm easier already. You're a good girl. Now I'm ferociously hungry. What can you give me for supper? Of course I don't expect any *ragouts*. So long as it is wholesome and good, I can eat it—and, don't be afraid, I'll pay for it, and something over for your attendance, which, I suppose, will not be charged on the bill in this establishment."

"I can but give 'ee what us hev got," said Faith.

Then she went to the dresser and brought from it a second bowl, and out of the drawer produced a napkin and a clean spoon.

She laid the linen on the deal board, and then proceeded to decant the remainder of the contents of the pot into the bowl. There was not much left, just sufficient, nothing over. The convict had eaten largely.

"This is all we have got, sir, and you're heartily welcome to it."

That she had eaten nothing herself—that what he ate was what would have served for her meal—that she did not tell him.

"There is onion," said the young man. "I ain't fond of on'on."

"I'm mighty sorry, sir, but us han't nothin' else. There's bread bakin', but her is new set, and won't be ready till the morn'n'."

"I'm st make shift, then," said the young man, with resignation. "For what we are going to receive—and so on. But, I y Jupiter! I'd have liked outlets and tomato sauce. What's the tipples?"

"Please, sir, there is only water—or, I could make you a little tay."

"No, thank you, no tea for me. Have you no ale on the premises? Nor bottled stout? Nor sparkling cider? Good Lord! what an outlandish bit of England this is. Not even ginger pop? You need not be afraid. I can pay for it."

"Please, sir, I'd give you everything if we had it; but there's only milk, and tay and water, and the kettle'd have to boil afore I could make tay."

"Then I'll put up with water. Good Lord! this is a world of woe."

"While you're eatin', sir, I'll just go into the chamber upstairs and make it tidy for you."

"By all means, good girl. Clean sheets. No fleas, I hope. I'll pay for everything except them."

"Yes, sir. You'll remain where you are till I come back."

"Of course. What do you mean? There is no coffee-room, I suppose, or— Do you object to smoke? I may light a cigarette, I presume? Not against regulations, eh?" Then, when the girl had left the kitchen by the stairs that ascended out of it, he drew a flask from his pocket. "By jingo!" said he. "Happy thought. Not quite drained. I can put a little whisky with this water. Well, my leg!" He began to bend it about. "By Jupiter! I feel as if I could walk. But no, not at night, and lose my way again. I must pig it here, I suppose, for this night."

His back was towards the kitchen door into the scullery. Had he turned, he would have seen two glittering eyes fixed greedily on him, and a hard mouth relaxed into a grin of satisfaction.

(To be concluded)

THE more the new street from Holborn to the Strand is discussed the more, I fancy, it will be found that the idea of the crescent termination is altogether wrong. I said so in this column when the plans were published some months ago, and on carefully considering the question I am thoroughly convinced that my views are correct. The first notion, I believe, was to make the street straight from Holborn to the Strand. That undoubtedly was the right course. There was a simplicity and a grandeur about such a plan which had much to commend it, but, no doubt, the effect of the broad, straight street will be lost by its termination in two branches. Moreover, it would have been cheaper, as the expense of the crescent, which will demolish the offices of the *Morning Post*, the Gaiety Theatre, and other valuable property will be something enormous. One of the most important considerations, however, connected with the straight street from Holborn to the Strand is, the opportunity it would give for a direct communication from Holborn to the Embankment by enlarging and improving the road and the tunnel which now exists under Somerset House. It would appear that this—possibly the only opportunity that will ever occur—of joining two important thoroughfares in the north and the south is being strangely neglected. There is an excellent suggestion in the *Daily Graphic* that the street, after being prolonged to the Thames Embankment, should be carried across the river by a new bridge, and by a new road on the other side of the river join the Cornwall Road and thence to the New Cut. This would be admirable, but it is to be feared that the authorities would shake their heads over the cost. Let us, however, get the street through to the Embankment first of all and there is but little doubt that the rest would follow after a bit. One thing is quite clear that the crescent termination would not only be extremely costly but would ruin the effect and utility of an otherwise magnificent project.

For many years past I have advocated the tax on cycles. Long before the world-wide popularity they have acquired did I see the enormous revenue they might eventually bring in. When I first spoke of it the tax might have been levied without much difficulty. Now it will not be quite so easy, but there is no reason why it should not be accomplished. Many eminent cyclists are distinctly in favour of it. There are some admirable lines in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which regards the matter from a distinctly common-sense point of view. After enumerating the various things for which we pay taxes without a murmur, the poet, who is addressing Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, winds up by saying:—

Then why not tax the cyclist who,
For pleasure, pr fit, health,
Drives through the streets the common wheel,
And swells the common wealth?

Why not, indeed? Luxuries should always be taxed before necessities, and as the cycle is clearly a luxury it should be made to contribute to the revenue even before many things on which taxes have been cheerfully paid for many years. The reasonableness of such a tax has been readily recognised by other countries, and it seems a pity that we should not avail ourselves of its advantages because there are a few objectors to so equitable an impost.

Amid the heap of useless things that are nowadays taught in schools it is a pity some attention is not turned to a few subjects that might possibly be of use to the pupils in after life. Among these might be named the art of writing telegrams, that is of constructing them so that the meaning is perfectly clear, and comprised in the fewest words possible. It is only your practised "wrier" who can accomplish this properly. Your occasional sender of telegrams frequently puts a superfluity of words, and often only succeeds in mystifying the recipient of the despatch. If the art were taught in schools everyone would be able to practise it as easily as writing a letter. The schoolmaster might read out a despatch to his pupils, and let them reduce it to the bounds of a two-shilling telegram, those who were successful might next compress it within the limits of a shilling, and those who accomplished this might further try their hands at seeing how it could be transmitted for sixpence. In these days, when telegraphy is every day becoming a more popular form of communication, the education of youth in this particular form of study should by no means be neglected.

In some quarters the Royal Academy has been taken to task for not including "Literature" in the list of toasts at the banquet. Surely they are quite capable of arranging their own affairs without the interference of outsiders. As, at the present time, everyone is somewhat weary of, so-called, literature, and tired of the twaddle and fables respecting it which are ever in circulation, I am not at all sure that the course taken by the Royal Academy was not a wise one. Besides, it has always been their custom to vary their toasts from year to year—a custom that might be copied to advantage at many other dinners. There is room for infinite variety in the toast list—after the loyal toasts and the toast of the evening—which would help to enliven many a public dinner. It would not be difficult to give a list of important additions to the toast programme which might well take the place of its usual occupants. For instance, there is "Commerce," without which both Literature and Art would find a difficulty in existence; there is the "British Public," an influential body on whom most things are dependent; there is the "Police," to whom our obligations are infinite; there is the "Clerk of the Weather," whom we all of us desire to propitiate; the "Electric Telegraph," one of the few things science has given us that is an unmixed blessing; and the "Printing Press." At public dinners the "Cook," the "Butler," and the "Waiters" might certainly form themes for post-prandial adulation, especially if they had distinguished themselves more than usual. These are but a few things out of the many that might be selected to give some variety to the monotonous oratory of after-dinner speakers.

The New Naval Knight

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN REGINALD THOM'S FULLERTON, C.B., C.V.O., upon whom the Queen has just conferred the honour of the Knighthood of the Victorian Order, has commanded the Royal

yacht *Victoria and Albert* since 1884. He is in his fifty-first year, and entered the Navy in 1853, became a commander in 1872, captain in 1878, and rear-admiral in 1893. Sir John Fullerton was lieutenant of the *Bombay* when that ship took fire and blew up off Monte Video, in 1864, when ninety-seven officers and men perished. He was highly spoken of for his conduct on that occasion. In 1875 he was presented by the Queen with a ring set with diamonds and rubies for his gallant behaviour



REAR-ADMIRAL J. R. T. FULLERTON
Created K.C.V.O.

on the occasion of the collision between the Royal yacht and the *Meteor* on the Solent on August 18. He has been a Honorary A.D.C. to the Queen since 1885, was created C.B. in 1896, and C.V.O. in the same year.—Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Monsignor Brindle

MONSIGNOR BRINDLE, who has been consecrated in Rome Bishop to assist Cardinal Vaughan in the Diocese of Westminster, will be sorely missed in the Army, where he was idolised by officers and men of all creeds. Monsignor Brindle, who is sixty-two years

of age, studied for the priesthood at the English College in Lisbon, and during the early days of his career was assistant priest at Plymouth Cathedral. In 1874 he was appointed Chaplain to the Forces. In 1885 he became a first-class chaplain, with the rank of colonel. He has seen much active service, has been mentioned four times in official despatches, and possesses a greater number of medals than any other military chaplain, Protestant or Catholic. He especially distinguished himself at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and has received the Distinguished Service Order. During the last Sudan War he walked on occasion a distance of twenty miles to administer religious consolation to a dying soldier.—Our portrait is by J. Hubert, Regent Street.



MONSIGNOR BRINDLE
Consecrated Bishop to assist Cardinal Vaughan

Our Supplement

It says a good deal for the broad-mindedness of the travelled Briton—for which nobody gives him credit—that it was an Englishman who invented the phrase, "they manage these things better in France." No Frenchman ever rose to the height of self-detachment necessary for admitting that there was anything managed better in England—not even the Army or our judicial system. Yet the omnibus system offers the Frenchman an opportunity for generosity. The Englishman in Paris at once begins to admire the Parisian omnibuses, their roominess, their three horses, and the ease and speed with which they pass from point to point of their route; he will be a prejudiced islander if he does not find something pleasant to say of the superior cleanliness and the more evident manners of the poorer classes who use the omnibuses. In London the usual attitude of mind with regard to the greater number of one's neighbours when the omnibus is full is one of unconquerable aversion; in Paris one's neighbours appear to be pleasant, polite people, with whom to travel is a privilege. Perhaps the feeling arises partly from the holiday spirit, for what Englishman was ever in Paris except on pleasure bent? But having admitted so much why is there no Frenchman to arise and say that there are points to be remarked in favour of the London omnibuses after all? Is there any city in the world where one can be certain of stepping, without waiting, into an omnibus that will take one without delay from the Strand to Piccadilly, from Holborn to Liverpool Street, from Chancery Lane to Victoria? In Paris one must first obtain a numbered ticket, and then wait for an omnibus, and wait who knows how long. The system has its advantages, the same advantage that booking a stall for the theatre confers upon its possessor. But it is no system for people in a hurry; it would never do for the man who has a train to catch or an appointment to keep; and it would be scouted in England even more violently than was the suggestion of a famous theatrical manager that his patrons should book seats for the pit. For omnibus and pit seats the best rule is first come first served, but we have yet to find a Frenchman to admit it.

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"ROUND THE TOWN AGAIN"

THE delight with which a London audience invariably welcomes scenic displays that faithfully reproduce some well-known London sight has never been philosophically explained, nor is it the business of the practical manager to explain it. For him it is enough that a spectacular journey "round the town" is pretty certain to be favourably received. The new ballet, however, which was brought out at the EMPIRE Theatre on Monday is a great deal more than this. Its Charing Cross Railway Station, with all its stir and bustle, supplemented by the arrival of our thrice-welcome visitors, the New South Wales Lancers; its Bond Street and Royal Arcade with its fashionably attired throng; its elaborate representation of the Hyde Park Corner end of Rotten Row at a busy hour in the season, and its culminating marvel, the vast COVENT GARDEN Theatre on a fancy ball night, are wonderful efforts in scenic realism. But all is not given up to scenery and pageant, for the piece has a story which those who are skilled in pantomime expression may follow, and the purely ballet element in which Mlle. Zanfretta, Mlle. Genée, Signor Amedeo, and Mr. Will Bishop are prominent factors, is very brilliant and pleasing to the eye. *Round the Town Again*, which was received on the first night with enthusiastic demonstrations, is certain to prove a very popular feature in the EMPIRE's extensive bill.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt's long-expected appearance in the character of Hamlet has been finally arranged by Mr. M. L. Mayer. It is on Monday, June 12, that she will—for the first time in England—don the "inky cloak" and "customary suit of solemn black" of the young Prince of Denmark. *Hamlet* will be repeated throughout the week; but the French performances will commence on the previous Thursday with *La Tosca*. This will be Mr. Mayer's thirty-first season of French plays in London.

Carnac Sahib, at HER MAJESTY'S, and *Change Alley*, at the GARRICK Theatre have been equally unfortunate in their appeal to the tastes of the playgoing world. The place of the latter is already taken by *A Court Scandal*, which has been transferred to the GARRICK with the original company, and to-night (Saturday) Mr. Beerbohm Tree will substitute for Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy revivals of *Captain Swift* and *The First Night*. The choice of the latter amusing piece, which is so closely associated in the minds of old playgoers with the late Mr. Alfred Wigan, has doubtless been suggested by the great success of Mr. Tree's performance as Dufard, the old French musician, at the recent Lydia Thompson benefit. The COURT Theatre will now remain closed until the 17th inst., when Mr. Arthur Chudleigh proposes to reopen with the new play, entitled *Wheels Within Wheels*, by Mr. R. C. Carton, author of that delightful domestic comedy, *Liberty Hall*, and numerous other pieces.

The Irish Literary Theatre, which promises to do, and probably may do, great things in the way of fostering native talent, opened its campaign on Monday evening at the Ancient Concert Rooms in Dublin before a brilliant audience. The opening piece, which is by Mr. Yeats, the poet, entitled *Countess Kathleen*, unfolds a fanciful legendary story. It will be repeated on three occasions. Among other pieces to be given are Mr. Edward Martyn's play *The Heather Field*, which, like the *Countess Kathleen*, has already made its appearance in book form; also plays by Fiona Macleod and Mr. Standish O'Grady. Miss Farr and Miss May Whitty—actresses well known to London audiences—take part in the performances, assisted by members of the Dublin University Dramatic Society.

The Australian Team

MR. W. G. GRACE, who has played against several generations of bowlers, and has seen the reputations of many great batsmen wax and wane, is understood to have said that he believed the present Australian team would prove to be a very strong batting side; of their bowling he said nothing, very probably because he knew nothing. But the impression left on the mind by the utterance of the old cricketer, was that it was as an eleven of batsmen that the Australian team of 1899 would most be distinguished.

The first match, at which the accompanying sketches were made, and which has been played this week at the Crystal Palace, has confirmed the opinion which the manager of the team, Major Wardill, modestly expressed of them, "We have not a Spofforth or a Palmer or a Blackham," he said, "but, without bumptiousness, perhaps, I may say we are a good team all the same." They certainly are; their bowling is not phenomenal, but their fielding is faultless, and their batting is ominous of what English bowlers have to expect of them on good wickets. Gregory's century against the moderate South of England bowling was a marvel of steadiness and ease, but we have seen Gregory play good innings before. What is more important to notice is that the new man Noble made a clean but faultless century in the first match he played in England.

The Australian team, however, contains four batsmen whose reputations may be said to be established in England—the smaller scoring possibilities on English wickets being taken into account—as well as in Australia. These four are Mr. C. J. Darling (captain), Mr. F. Iredale, Mr. S. E. Gregory and Mr. C. Hill. Of these C. J. Darling is spoken of by Ranjitsinhji as the finest left-handed batsman in the world; Iredale, though a bad starter, has no superior as a finished batsman when set, and last time when he was over here made a century against England in the Test Match that Australia won; Gregory, a bat with a powerful defence, enjoyed a similar honour in making a faultless century against England's bowling at Lord's; and Clement Hill, though he fell below expectation on his first appearance in England, had an

average over sixty against Stoddart's team in Australia, and won at least one test match there off his own bat—making 188 out of a total of 323 in the first innings of the second match at Melbourne, and making them at a time when matters were going badly for his side. Besides these four there are of players who have visited England before Messrs. Kelly, Johns, Trumble and Jones. The first two are wicket keepers, and Kelly has more right than the others to be regarded as a bat. He does well in Australia, where his average last season stood at the astonishing figure of sixty—higher than that of the best batsman on English wickets last year!—but his batting average in England last tour was only sixteen. Of the others Trumble has a knack of sticking when his services are likely to prove most useful, and the other two need not be seriously considered.

Coming to the new men, the team has brought over Messrs. Noble, McLeod, V. Trumper, Worrall and Laver, who have claims as batsmen, and Howell, who comes over on the strength of his bowling, though he has sometimes shown himself to be a slogger of capacity. Of these Trumper and Laver both have their reputations still to make against English bowling; though five years ago the first of them hit up an unexpected 150 against Stoddart's first team in a minor match; but McLeod made a century in '96-'97 in a test match, and Worrall had an average of over forty



MR. C. B. FRY'S FINE INNINGS



HAYWARD CAUGHT BY JONES

against Richardson, Iearn, and the rest. Worrall was over here with the 1882 team, but was then a batsman of no importance. The Australians now regard him as a fine bad-wicket batsman. Laver is a very powerful but an ungainly bat to watch; and Trumper plays a pretty game, but as we have already said has yet to make his mark. He may prove another Clem Hill, but Hill shaped



DARLING LETS OUT

very poorly on English wickets at first. That remark may be said to be not without a possible application to several members of the team—who have yet to learn that English wickets demand greater resource and greater dash than Australian ones. Still they may learn; there have been Australian teams over here who learned



VISITORS FROM ALDERSHOT

quickly and learned thoroughly, and who became a terror to English bowlers. If this team is equally apt to learn then, whether the new bowlers, McLeod, Noble and Howell fulfil the high expectations formed of them in Australia or not, the eleven will be a hard one to beat.



CYCLING SKETCHES IN THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS

DRAWN BY GEORGES REDON



FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

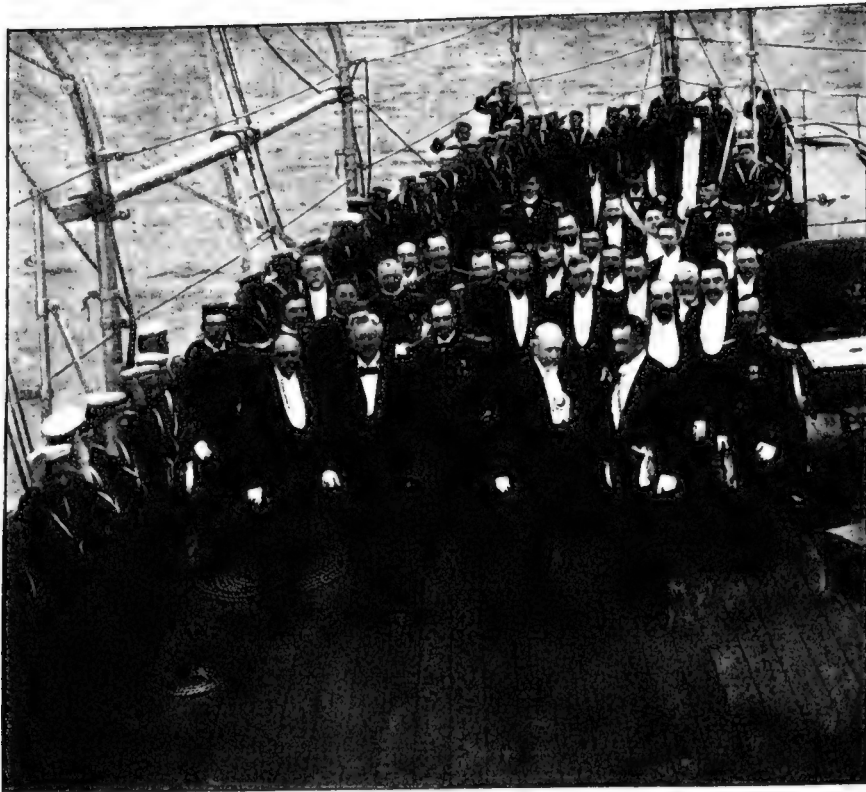
The contest was open to ladies residing in Malta. The competitors, who were sent at a table, had each to nominate a man to ride and fetch, first, some material for a frock, and, secondly, a suit of material for a doll, and I take them to his nominator, who had to dress the doll by sewing the clothes on. When the dolls were dressed, the men had to ride a course with them and give them a race to get in winning the race for his nominator.

THE DOLL RACE: A NOVEL EVENT IN A NAVAL GYMKHANA IN MALTA

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The Atbara Bridge

NATURALLY English engineers are jealous of the success that has been scored by an American firm in securing the contract for a work that is destined to become historical as an important link in the long chain of communication between Cairo and the Cape. It is, indeed, the only engineering work of magnitude on a railway that stretches seven hundred miles from Wady Halfa to Khartoum. All else is but the outcome of unskilled labour skilfully organised by British soldiers, and it appeals to imagination rather by its interminable monotony than by any striking features that might proclaim the triumph of labour over great obstacles. That the Egyptian battalions in the intervals of fighting did toil under extreme difficulties at railway making to keep pace with the resistless advance of a conquering army all the world knows, but there was nothing of memorial grandeur about their work, where it wound through rocky defiles or stretched across vast plains, until they came face to face with the difficulty of spanning the wide mouth of the Atbara. That task would have been too much for Fellaheen but not too much for the young engineers who had directed them in the accomplishment of so much up to that point. Fate in the form of urgent necessity has, however, decreed that this great work shall take no monumental shape in association with the labours that have preceded it, and in all probability it will be a very ugly example of the productions that characterise our utilitarian age. The idea of giving it a special and appropriate design had to be abandoned when English firms wanted months to complete such a structure, while American firms offered to turn out one of their own pattern in as

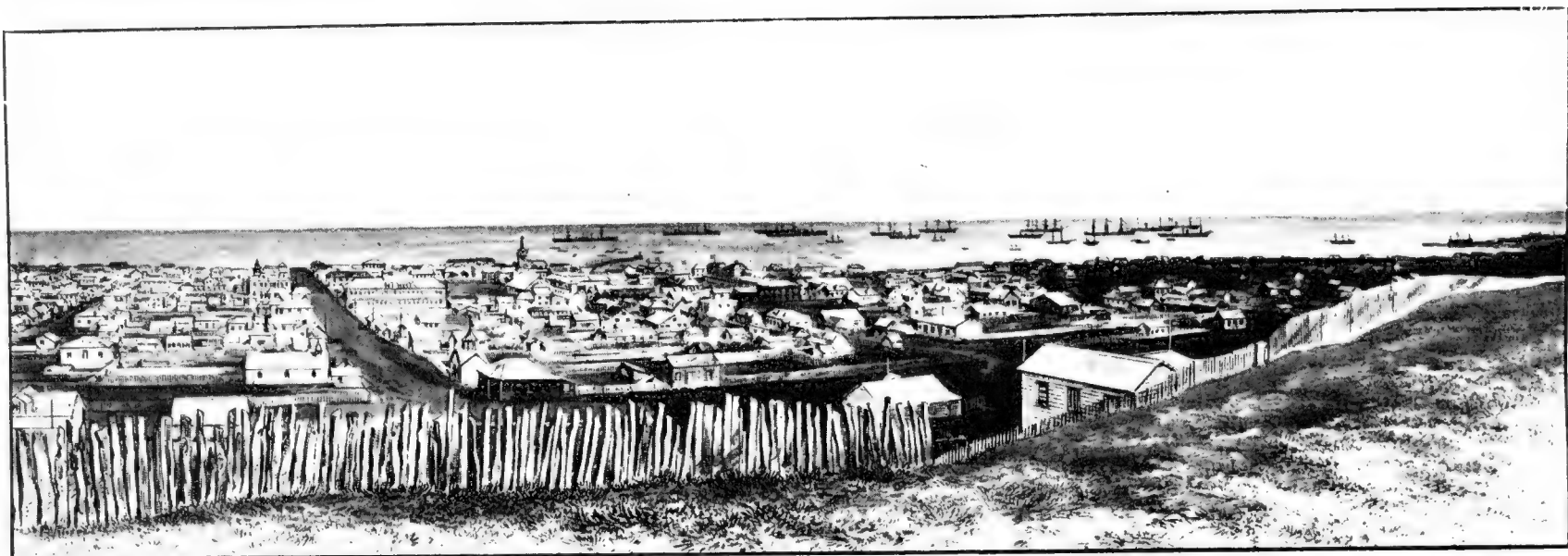


General Roca Don Errazuriz
CHILE AND ARGENTINA: THE FIRST MEETING OF THE PRESIDENTS

natives, working under Lieutenant Micklem, R.E., and his staff of English non-commissioned officers, have meanwhile been preparing the piers, which are huge cylinders of iron bedded on solid rock, and filled with concrete. This had to be finished while the river was at its lowest, and the rocks showing just above or only a little below its surface. When the waters come down in their rage at flood time even these substantial piers might be carried away without some spanning girders to give them mutual support. Hence the need for haste. Work on the railway extension beyond Atbara River goes on all the while at the rate of two thousand yards a day, and it will be carried to the Nile banks opposite Khartoum by November. Before then the great bridge with its seven spans, stretching across eleven hundred feet of water, will be completed, so that the whole Soudan Railway may be opened for traffic within fourteen months of the final overthrow of Dervish power.

Argentina and Chili

FOR some time international difficulties have existed between Chili and Argentina, and only lately it has been decided to leave one part of this to the decision of the British Government, and the other to a Commission assembling in Buenos Ayres. It was also agreed that the two Presidents should meet, and for this purpose three vessels of each nation proceeded to the Straits of Magellan. Punta Arenas, the place of meeting, is the most southern city in South America, and may be con-



CHILE AND ARGENTINA: PUNTA ARENAS, WHERE THE PRESIDENTS HELD THEIR INTERVIEWS

many weeks. Celerity was of the first importance in order that considerable portions of the bridge might be in place before the Atbara floods come down at the beginning of July. Long before this the piers will be ready to receive the superstructure, which has been turned out so rapidly that seven spans, each a hundred and fifty feet long, have already been landed in Egypt and sent up the Nile. The American firm not being bound down to any special design, has been able to use rollings of a stock pattern which only needed adaptation to the particular purposes of this bridge. Sections of the required length could thus be turned out by the yard, and all that remained to be done was to fit them lightly together for approval before shipment in parts. The riveting together will be done on the banks of the Atbara. English bridge-builders have other methods that handicapped them in the race against time, and this consideration alone influenced Lord Cromer and the Sirdar in their acceptance of a tender. Price was, in the circumstances, only a secondary question. Egyptian soldiers and



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUDAN; BRIDGING THE ATBARA

sidered one of the most active and energetic communities of the Continent. Four years ago there were not 3,000 inhabitants, now there are nearly 10,000, and the town has the reputation of not having a beggar or a pawnshop. Everyone works, and all are making money; its markets and stores supply to-day nearly all of the places scattered through Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, and the surrounding counties of Argentina and Chili. The first meeting of the two Presidents took place on board the Chilean cruiser *O'Higgins*. In our illustration General Roca is shown in the centre, with cane in hand, and on his breast the Sun of Argentina. On his left is President Errazuriz; to the right of President Roca is Señor Alcorta, Minister of Foreign Relations of Argentina, with Señor Ventura Blanco, Minister of Foreign Relations of Chili. To the left of Errazuriz is Señor Carlos, the Minister of War of Chili; next to him is Commodore Rivadana, Minister of War of the Argentine, surrounded by the other members of the Commission.—Our photographs are by Spencer and Co., Santiago.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THOSE who still regard a literary woman as a somewhat incomplete pattern of domestic life, should read Mrs. Oliphant's Autobiography. They will find there an essentially feminine nature, of an exquisite humility and a kindly temper, who took upon her frail shoulders the burden of a man, and bore it nobly as few men could have done. Her pitiful little story, as she calls it, is not pitiful in a sordid aspect. It has rather the flavour of a saint's biography, only with a more human and natural touch. A woman of many sorrows, it was the sincere simplicity of Mrs. Oliphant's character which earned her the whole-hearted affection of her friends and family. Sombre as is the record, and full of the most intimate self-revelation, it is yet eminently cheering. If we rise from its perusal, our eyes dimmed with tears, we yet feel glad that such a courageous, loving, dutiful woman has left us her recollections. The world is the better for them, and must accord to their author its respect and admiration. Not that Mrs. Oliphant ever posed as a martyr; on the contrary, though she exalted the mere relief from pain into our highest human sensation, yet she was ever cheerful. She loved her art, and brought to it a sound reason, a bright intellectuality, a simple piety, a vivid imagination, a pleasant wit, and a true enjoyment of life. Her tastes were healthy, her sympathies ready, diving to the very heart of things. No one who has these gifts can ever be really unhappy, and thus the record of her life can only cheer, and comfort, and fortify weaker women who follow in her steps.

A curious development in social life accentuates itself daily. It is the restlessness which drives people to constant moves and to periodical house-letting. Formerly only the strain and stress of poverty caused people to let their homes, ancestral or otherwise. One family lived in the same place for generations. Fifty years ago for a nobleman's house to be let, spoke of the direst misfortune. To allow a stranger to sleep in one's bed, to hold mastery over one's dependants, to shoot one's game, or rifle one's garden seemed nothing short of disgrace. The creed was carried to excess. The old house was never deserted even though it went to rack and ruin, rats rioted behind the arras, and paper and paint peeled from the walls. The feeling was worthy of respect even if exaggerated. It has completely evaporated now, however, and people seem to change their houses as they do their gowns, yearly, from caprice, necessity, love of change, or a hundred other causes. Scarcely a nobleman lives in his own house. The record of sales, lettings, and flittings, fill the society columns of daily papers, and the last link of affection to one's home seems to be broken. It is strangely characteristic of modernity, and one wonders what the final result of it may be.

The rightful perquisites of servants in high places are, no doubt, exceedingly large. When to them are added illegal commissions, the position becomes very lucrative. Apparently this was the opinion of one of the Queen of Italy's maids, who has just been discharged in consequence of malpractices. The Queen's bills reached a very high total, but she entertained no suspicion of what the clubs call "leakage," until accident revealed the culprit's iniquities. A great lady's wardrobe is in itself a small fortune to the maid, for Queens and Empresses rarely wear their gowns more than a few times. Hats and bonnets, however, her Italian Majesty dislikes to wear again. Her headgear is, therefore, pinned on and arranged daily by the Royal milliner. I commend this as a new form of extravagance to the fashionable woman who hates to be seen twice in the same hat.

The late Duke of Beaufort was at one time a prominent member of society, which concerned itself much with his doings. I have not seen it mentioned, however, that he was one of the originators of Pratt's, the first select night club, where men met to discuss sporting doings. They sat in a sandred kitchen, and ate mutton chops which were cooked, bubbling and succulent, under their eyes. Luxury was not the rage then, and it amused the highest gentlemen in the land to play at the fashions of the lower classes. A sandred kitchen, good talk, and a first-rate chop or kidney, represented the ideal of comfort. Perhaps contrast was the thing sought after, for the Duke of Beaufort kept open house in princely fashion at home, and hunted an immense tract of country entirely at his own expense. The Duchess, his wife, the model of a *grande dame*, dressed as simply as that Countess who was, through her mother, the great heiress of castles in Cumberland, who wore black serge while she arrayed her household in scarlet, thus carrying out the precept of the witty statesman who averred that only a duke could afford to appear in a shabby hat.

The balls of the sea on have fairly begun. Last week three took place. Mr. Drummond's dance, given for his niece, proved very successful, and the modern fashion of hostesses arranging large dinner-parties and bringing in their guests to the ball was resorted to by Lady Cottenham, Mrs. Murray of Polmaise, and various other friends. It is an excellent practice, ensuring a full complement of dancing men, who otherwise might not be forthcoming. The club has such charms for the young man of the day, that it is difficult to persuade him to forego its delights for the more arduous duty of attending young ladies and leading them out to the dance.

Mrs. Chamberlain writes to draw attention to the existence of the Colonial Nursing Association, which is doing good and unobtrusive work in the saving of many valuable lives, exposed to a dangerous and deadly climate, and which is in want of funds. It was formed by private subscription and enterprise, with the idea of encouraging the supply of trained nurses in places where such provision was impossible to obtain. The work of nurses is well known and needs no recommendation, but as the enterprise is in time to be self-supporting, and every effort is made to this effect, it is urgent that the present needs of the association should be supplied. So many young men die from want of proper nursing, and the necessity for it is imperative when seized with illness in tropical countries, that one must hope the scheme will be cordially taken up by the public.

The French War Ministry

M. DUPUY's Cabinet is certainly weakened by the resignation of M. de Freycinet, the War Minister. M. de Freycinet has been described as an opportunist and as a man who has shrunk from conflicts, but he is, nevertheless, the most notable figure in French politics. He is now in his seventy-first year. He is an engineer by profession,



M. DE FREYCINET
Who has resigned the Portfolio of War

and spent, when a young man, some time in England. Since 1877 M. de Freycinet has constantly held Cabinet rank, and has been Prime Minister three times. Since 1892 he held no Ministerial post until last November, when he became Minister of War for the fifth time.



M. CAMILLE KRANTZ
The New War Minister

M. Camille Krantz, who has succeeded M. de Freycinet, is some twenty years younger than his predecessor at the Ministry of War. He has hitherto held the Portfolio of Public Works in the Dupuy Cabinet. Educated at the Military Polytechnic School, he served as an officer of artillery in the war of 1870. Subsequently he received an appointment as Engineer to the State Factories. In 1878 he took an active part in the management of the Paris Exhibition of that year. M. Krantz is a lawyer as well as a soldier and an engineer, and has held the post of Master of Requests at the Council of State. He is at the

present moment Professor of Administrative Law at the National School of Roads and Bridges. He did not enter into politics until 1891, in which year he was elected one of the Deputies for the Vosges.

China in Transformation

THAT the Chinese, a race so remarkable for the unvarying sameness of its manners and institutions, should have allowed such a startling innovation as the railway an approach to their metropolis, under the very walls, so to speak, of the Forbidden City, where the shriek of the locomotive might almost disturb the dreams of the "Son of Heaven," is surely a remarkable sign of the times; but the Chinese are an eminently practical people and quick to avail themselves of Western methods when brought within their ken, and thus the introduction of railway communication, in spite of their traditional horror of disturbing the resting-places of their dead, proved a much less troublesome matter than had been generally anticipated. From the day that the line between Peking and Tientsin was opened—in the summer of 1897—its popularity was assured, crowds of natives travelling by every train for the mere novelty of the thing, and the goods traffic developed so rapidly that it soon became necessary to double the line. The journey takes three and a half hours by express train, and at present the Peking terminus is at Machiapoo, some four miles from the city walls. Before the advent of the steam-engine, the journey by land from Tientsin to Peking was an ordeal trying even to the hardened nerves of the Asiatic, and the horrors of that trip of eighty odd miles over the most abominable roads in a springless, two-wheeled Chinese cart, have furnished a fruitful theme for travellers.

The first railway actually opened in China was the small line from Shanghai to Woosung—about nine miles in length—laid down in 1876; but the presence of the "metal devil," as it was called, caused so much excitement that the local authorities acquired it a year later, and had the line taken up and removed to Formosa. It is said that the real cause of its being pulled up was that the concession for it was granted by Li Hung Chang within the province of a rival Viceroy, and it was the latter who determined to pull it up, utilising for this purpose the pretext of the popular aversion to it. The next railway was made, some ten years later, from Tientsin to Tongku—a distance of twenty-five miles—thence on to the Kaiping coal mines and to Manchuria, via Shanhaikwan, the point on the coast where the Great Wall terminates. Then followed the line from Tientsin to Peking, making in all a distance of some 260 miles. These lines, which have now been acquired by British capitalists, form the sum total of existing railways in China, with the exception of the short railway between the Yangtze and the Tien-shan-pu iron mines, constructed by Chang-chih-tung to supply the Hanyang ironworks and the line from Shanghai to the Woosung anchorage, which, thanks to the enterprise of a British firm, has been again relaid, and was opened last summer after an interval of over twenty years. Several lines, however, are now in course of construction in various parts of the empire, and if we include the concessions for 2,800 miles of railways in China, which have up to the present been granted to British investors, as the Under-Secretary of State announced to the House the other night, we may fairly assume that "the nation of incurable conservatives," as Sir John Davis styled the Chinese some sixty years ago, is at last awakening from the sleep of centuries and about to adopt Western methods and Western civilisation.

Cycling in Paris

NOTHING strikes the visitor to Paris so much as the universality of the cycle. Go where one will the ubiquitous cyclist, male or female, is in evidence.

In the Bois pupils may be seen under the charge of a professor zig-zagging down the more retired alleys, Monsieur, Madame et Bébé may be met wheeling along on the family tandem, belé proudly perched on a little seat in front, and ladies in all the costumes the inventive brain of the Paris *couturier* has created flit past every instant. Grosstêtes, the Chinois and the Armenoville cafés are crowded from morning to night with votaries of the wheel, hundreds of cycles of every size and shape standing in long rows in the roomy "garage" attached to them.

But to study the Paris wheelman or wheelwoman the Chalets du Cycle at the other side of the Bois must be visited. Here any stray visitor not in knickerbockers, bloomers, or cycling skirts, looks as out of place as if he were in a swallow tail and white choker. Lady Harberton could enter in any form of rational dress she pleased, without attracting even a momentary glance of curiosity. Here, under the trees, sit all day long cyclists of every kind and degree. A "garage" capable of containing a couple of thousand machines, stretches away to the left of the garden, and is often on a fine Sunday afternoon taxed to its fullest capacity.

Every instant riders of both sexes spin in and out, ladies of the bluest of blue blood from the Faubourg St. Germain, plutocrats from the Champs Elysées quarter, actresses from the Paris theatres, in the most bewitching of costumes, English, German, Americans and every other nationality in the old and new world, being also among the frequenters. Here, too, riders in tribulation betake themselves, punctured tyres, bent handle bars, buckled wheels, and other similar cycling misfortunes being promptly, if somewhat expensively, put to rights. The Chalets du Cycle represent the utmost limits of the ornamental cyclists' daily spin, and those charming young ladies who like to do their wheeling under circumstances that will not take their hair out of curl or unduly flush their cheeks.

These votaries of cycling generally hail a *fiacre* at their residence, drive to the Porte Maillot, and only mount their wheels when the cool and shady alleys of the Bois are reached. This custom helps to reconcile the Paris Jehu to some extent to the hated cycle, but do not reckon too much on his forgiving spirit. Any slight difference with a rider, any disagreement regarding the rule of the road, and all his latent hatred of the machine comes to the front, and he expresses his feelings with a fullness and freedom that leaves nothing to be desired.

It is beyond the Chalets du Cycle that the wheeling ground of the real enthusiasts of the sport lies. Over Suresne Bridge lies the route to Versailles. This, in spite of the stiff hill that introduces it, is a favourite ride, the twelve or fifteen kilometres each way making a pleasant afternoon's spin.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. AEPPLI

THE OLD MODE OF TRAVELLING



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. AEPPLI

HOW A JOURNEY IS MADE NOWADAYS
THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA: A CONTRAST



A BUSY CORNER IN PARIS: OMNIBUSES STARTING FROM THE PLACE DE LA MADELEINE

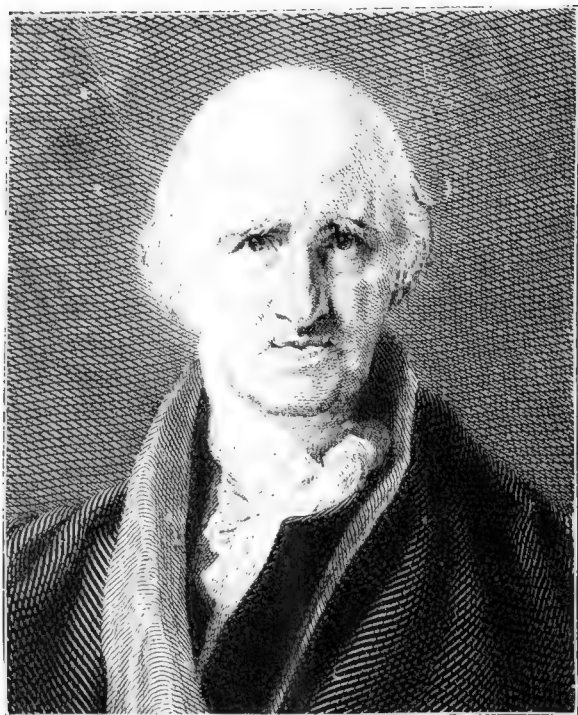
DRAWN BY A. PARYS

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—II.

PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By FREDERICK A. EATON, Secretary to the Royal Academy.

ACCORDING to the "Instrument" signed by George III. on December 10, 1763, defining the constitution and government of



BENJAMIN WEST
1792—1805 and 1806—1820
From the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

the Royal Academy, the office of President was to be an annual one—he was to be elected every year and the strict letter of this law has never been disobeyed. But, as a matter of fact, the office has always been for life, and the man once chosen has been re-elected year after year till his death, with one slight exception, to be referred to presently. Whether this was the original idea there is nothing to show, but it is not surprising that such a



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE
1820—1830

commanding personality as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds should have made his re-election a matter of course, especially in the early days of the institution, when it was essential that the reins should remain in the same guiding hands.

BENJAMIN WEST

To choose a successor to Reynolds was no easy matter. Men

like him make the task of their successors difficult. There is little doubt, however, that in selecting Benjamin West, on March 17, 1792, the Academy acted wisely. He was one of the original members, and had taken a considerable share in the founding of the Academy, besides which he was a great favourite with the King, and his personal qualities were such as in every way to recommend him for the post. As an artist, too, he always maintained a high standard in his work, though perhaps the results were not always equal to the aim.

The Academic ship was sailing in smooth waters when West, by twenty-nine votes against one given for Richard Cosway, assumed the helm. No longer an infant institution struggling into existence, it had become, to use the magniloquent language of the address presented in 1793, the year after Reynolds's death, to the Royal founder to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of the Institution, "a permanent monument of public utility and Royal munificence." Its exhibitions had increased in size and importance, and the receipts from them had, after the first few years, more than sufficed for the expenses of its free schools and for the distribution of charity to distressed artists, their widows, and children. The first event to ruffle the Academic calm was the expulsion of James Barry in 1799, a proceeding which met with the complete approbation of the King, who himself put his pen through Barry's name as signed on the Roll of Obligation, and initialled the margin to show that it was his act. This was followed by some internal disputes with reference to the government of the Academy, in which both sides appealed to the King. The ill feeling aroused was, in one case, very considerable, and it was some time before, at His Majesty's express intervention, it subsided.

In addition to these worries more personal matters caused West great annoyance at this time. He was accused falsely and ill-naturedly in the newspapers of having sent for exhibition in 1803 a picture, "Hagar and Ishmael," which had been already exhibited in 1776, and to have done so with the deliberate intention of deceiving the Council. Another malicious statement circulated about him was that he had received more than 34,000*l.* for the works he had executed for the King, which was true, but it was not added that it was the reward of thirty-three years' labour. The result of these and various other "pin-pricks" was seen at the annual election on December 10, 1804, when out of thirty votes only twenty were given for him as President, Wyatt getting seven, and three being blanks. This determined him to resign before the next occasion, and Jas. Wyatt was elected on December 10, 1805. No doubt in electing Wyatt, who was Court architect, the Academicians who voted for him thought to secure the approval of the King, but in this they were mistaken, as George III. never signed his appointment, and after a few appearances in the chair, he seems to have realised that he had been placed in a false position, and ceased to attend any meeting after June 17, 1806. On December 10 in that year West was re-elected, and continued to be so till his death. The remainder of his career as President was not marked by any disturbing incidents inside the Academy, with the exception perhaps of the agitation begun in 1807 by John Landseer, who had been elected an Associate Engraver in the previous year, for the admission of engravers to the Academicianship, and which was continued without success till 1835. Two years after the Academy had celebrated what would now be called its "Jubilee," West's presidency ended with his death on March 11, 1820. He was eighty-one years old, and the only surviving original member of the Academy except George Dance. Though West suffered by comparison with his brilliant predecessor, still he made in many respects a most excellent President. Many of his qualities, no doubt, were of a neutral character, but everyone did justice to his kindness and courtesy, and he possessed that most eminently necessary gift for one of secondary rank who is called upon to act the part of *primus inter pares*, a patient and conciliatory manner.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

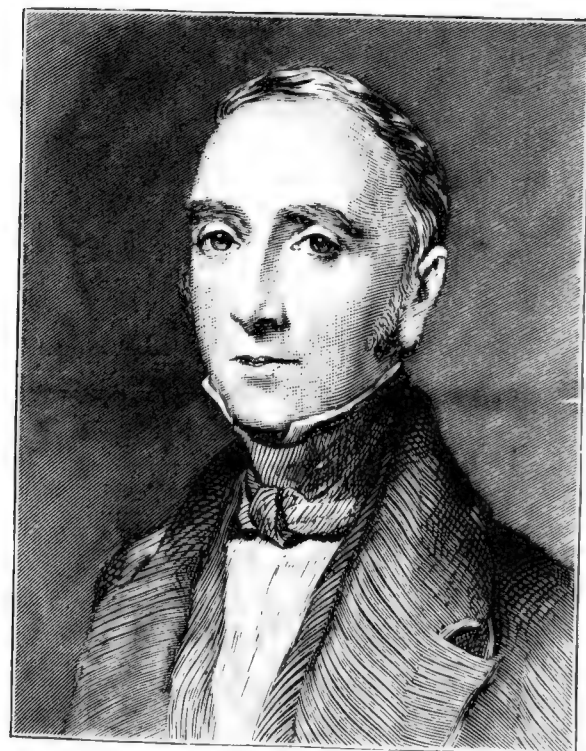
In electing, as they did on March 30, 1820, Sir Thomas Lawrence to succeed West, the Academicians made the most obviously proper choice. Everyone approved of it, even that chartered grumbler, Fuseli, saying that if "they must have a face painter to reign over them, let them take Lawrence." His whole career had marked him out for the post. Shee, who subsequently attained the same dignity, stated in a letter that he had voted for Lawrence, and that he "never gave a vote with a more sincere conviction of its justice and propriety, both as to the Academy and the arts." The choice was at once approved by George IV., who further showed his interest in the Academy by

presenting a gold medal and chain to be worn as a badge of office by the Presidents. The ten years of Lawrence's Presidency were



SIR MARTIN A. SHEE
1830—1850
From the Portrait by J. Jackson, A.R.A.

not marked by any event of interest in the history of the Academy, which pursued the even tenor of its successful way undisturbed by any storms within or assaults from without. But the period was marked by what may be called the first Government recognition of the importance of encouraging the fine arts, for, in 1824, the first measures were taken for the formation of a National Gallery, a step which had been urged in turn by both West and Lawrence.



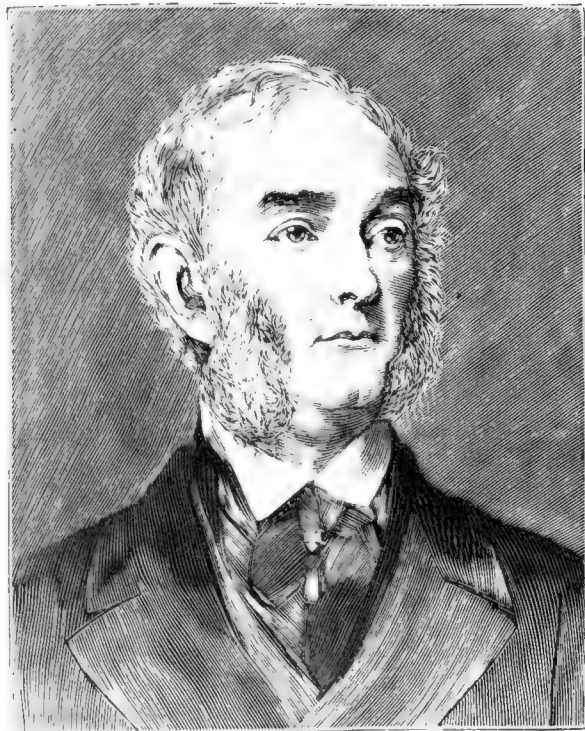
SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE
1850—1865
From the Drawing by F. Bridgford

Increased artistic activity was also shown in Ireland and Scotland by the foundation of the Royal Hibernian Academy and by the effort to found the Royal Scottish Academy, an effort which was finally successful in 1836. In both these matters Lawrence took great interest. He also was a great patron and supporter of the two charitable institutions for the relief of distressed artists and their families, the Artists' Benevolent Fund, established in 1810, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, founded in 1814.

It was at the annual dinner of the former fund, in 1823, that he made his first public appearance, his death taking place after a few days' illness on January 7, 1832.

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE

The next President was called upon to play a very different part from that of many of his predecessors, for without detracting from his merits as an artist, it may truly be said that he rendered the Academy more service with his pen than with his brush. There was more than one member of the Academy who might justly be considered his superior as an artist when Martin Archer Shee was



SIR FRANCIS GRANT
1866-1878

elected President on January 25, 1830, but none so well qualified to discharge the duty which frequently devolved upon him during his term of office of defending the rights of the Academy against the radical and financial reformers of the day. Gifted with a ready and practised pen, he had already made a name as an author. Witness Byron's reference to him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":—

And here let Shee and genius find a place,
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace.



LORD LEIGHTON
1878-1893
From a Photograph by J. R. Mayall

He employed it during the whole of his Presidential career in meeting the attacks made on the Academy in Parliament and elsewhere, and refuting the gross misstatements on which these attacks were founded. The attack began in 1832, when the proposal was made to give the Royal Academy a portion of the intended National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and was continued in Parliament by Mr. Hume and others till it culminated in 1844 by a motion, never, however, pressed on a division, praying Her Majesty to withdraw her Royal favour from the Academy, and to eject it from Trafalgar Square. Shee's health gave way in 1843, and in 1845 he determined to resign the Presidency, but the Academy would not allow him to do so, and as his

means were known to be very small it was resolved, in recognition of his great services, to anticipate from the Academy funds the annuity of 300*l.* a year, which would become payable to Presidents of the Royal Academy at the death of Lady Chantrey under the terms of Sir Francis Chantrey's will; this being the first time that any salary had been paid to a President. He was also in the same year granted a pension on the Civil List of 200*l.* a year by Sir Robert Peel. Shee, however, never recovered his health, and died on August 19, 1850. Among artistic events of importance in which he took great interest was the appointment of a Royal Commission on the Fine Arts, and the Westminster Hall competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE

There was not much hesitation in choosing Shee's successor. If not in the first popular rank as a painter, his knowledge of art and his personal qualifications all combined to mark out Charles Lock Eastlake as a fitting occupant of the Presidential chair, to which he was elected on November 4, 1850. He was, indeed, better acquainted with the literary side of art than any of his predecessors, and that he possessed business ability was shown by the fact of his being at the time of his election Secretary of the Royal Commission mentioned above. Eastlake was evidently cast in the true official mould, and the qualities which go to make up that estimable, useful, but not always attractive sort of individual were conspicuous in his management of the affairs of the Academy. It was during his reign that an Annual Report of its proceedings was first issued. The first of these Reports, dated 1860, contained a short history of the Academy and its relation (1) to the Crown, (2) to the public, and (3) to artists, an abstract of the accounts from the foundation and a copy of the "Instrument," school laws, &c. This was done with a view to the impending appropriation to the purposes of the National Gallery of the whole of that building and the necessity for finding a new site for the Academy, which matters had been specially referred to the Royal Commission on the Academy which sat in 1863. Another important event, which marked the end of a long and at times bitter controversy, was the admission in 1855 of engravers to the full honours of the Academy, Samuel Cousins being the first engraver to be raised to the rank of Academician. Other notable matters in connection with art during Eastlake's Presidency were the reorganisation of the National Gallery, of which Eastlake was appointed director in 1855; the decision arrived at in 1856 with regard to Turner's will; the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, the first of its kind; and the establishment of the National Portrait Gallery. The final settlement of the question as to a new site for the Academy had not, however, been arrived at when Eastlake died at Pisa on December 24, 1865.

FRANCIS GRANT

At the first meeting, on January 24, 1866, to choose his successor, Sir Edwin Landseer was elected, but as he at once declined the honour, a further meeting was held on February 1, and resulted in the election of Francis Grant. A more complete contrast in many ways to the man who preceded him could hardly, perhaps, have been found. The son of a Scotch laird, intended for the law and devoted to sport, he had practically no art education, but, nevertheless, at twenty-four he adopted the profession of an artist, and so well did he succeed that he very soon became a fashionable portrait painter, and finally attained the highest honour in the profession he had selected. Good looks, charming manners, great shrewdness and common sense, and a thorough knowledge of the world, all contributed to fit him for the position he was chosen to fill. Many important changes marked his tenure of the Presidency. The negotiations with the Government as to the provision of a site for the Academy were brought to a satisfactory conclusion in 1866, and in 1869 a portion of the buildings which the Academy had undertaken to erect and maintain at its own cost was ready for occupation. In that year, too, the Academy determined to take up the task which had been relinquished by the directors of the British Institution of having an annual exhibition of works by old masters and deceased British artists, and the first of these exhibitions—which have been continued ever since—was held in 1870. In 1873 a scheme which had been long maturing for the reorganisation of the official and administrative departments of the Academy was agreed on. Other important matters were the institution of a class of Honorary Foreign Academicians, the raising of the minimum number of Associates to thirty, and the coming into effect, by the death of Lady Chantrey, of Sir Francis Chantrey's Bequest, the first purchases of works under the terms of the will being made in 1877. It will thus be seen that Sir Francis Grant's twelve years' occupancy of the chair had been a busy one, and when he died on October 5, 1878, it might truly be said of him that he deserved well of the Academy.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON

The career of his gifted successor is too recent and too well known to need dwelling upon. With the exception, perhaps, of Reynolds, no one was ever so fitted by nature and by his attainments as Frederick Leighton for filling the office of President of the Royal Academy, to which he was elected on November 13, 1878. Born in 1830, an Associate in 1864, and an Academician in 1868, he reached his high position at a younger age than any of his predecessors, save Reynolds. Although perhaps no events of any

very striking importance occurred in the history of the Academy during his reign, yet there were few matters in connection with its many and increasing interests that did not feel the influence of his vigorous and alert intellect. And there is no doubt that his commanding personality conferred an added distinction on the office, and caused the Academy to occupy a larger space in the public eye both at home and abroad. He, indeed, fully merited the apt designation often bestowed on him of "the official representative of art." A baronetcy, conferred upon him in 1886, and a peerage ten years later, showed the estimation in which he was held by the Queen and the Government. The latter mark of distinction—bestowed for the first time on an artist in England—was an honour

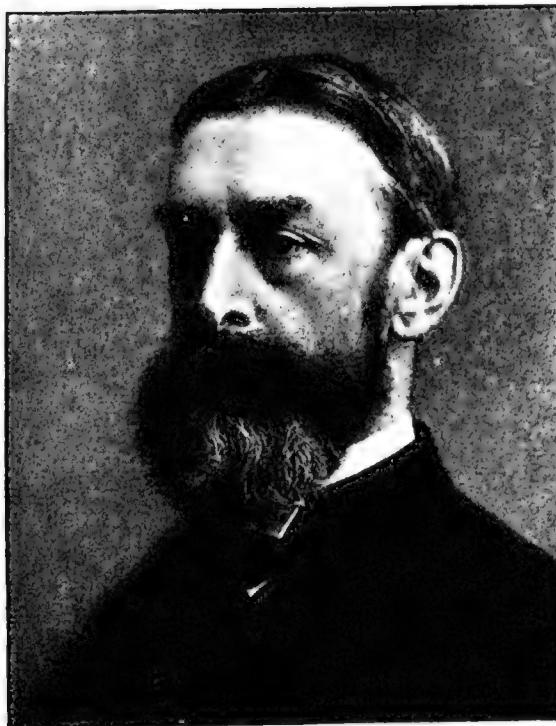


SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS
Elected February 20, 1896. Died August 13, 1896
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry

done to the man and to the institution over which he had presided with such conspicuous success for eighteen years. He lived, alas, but three weeks to enjoy it, dying on January 23, 1896.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

His death was followed on August 13 in the same year by that of the great artist who had been unanimously elected, on February 20, to succeed him, Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., and thus within a



SIR E. J. POYNTER
Elected November 4, 1896
From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry

few months the Academy had to mourn the loss of two of the most distinguished members who had ever adorned its ranks.

EDWARD JOHN POYNTER

The election to the Presidency of the present occupant, Sir Edward John Poynter, on November 4, 1896, was in accordance with the best traditions of the past, and it may be noted that, like one of his predecessors, Sir Charles Eastlake, he unites in his person the two highest artistic offices in the Kingdom—those of President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery.



PRINCESS MATHILDE



M. FALGUIERE



M. RODIN



M. JEAN PAUL LAURENS



M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT



M. CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



MARS

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, ESCORTED BY M. DÉTAILLE, BEFORE THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT THE PARIS SALON ON "VARNISHING DAY"

SKETCHES FROM LIFE BY "MARS"

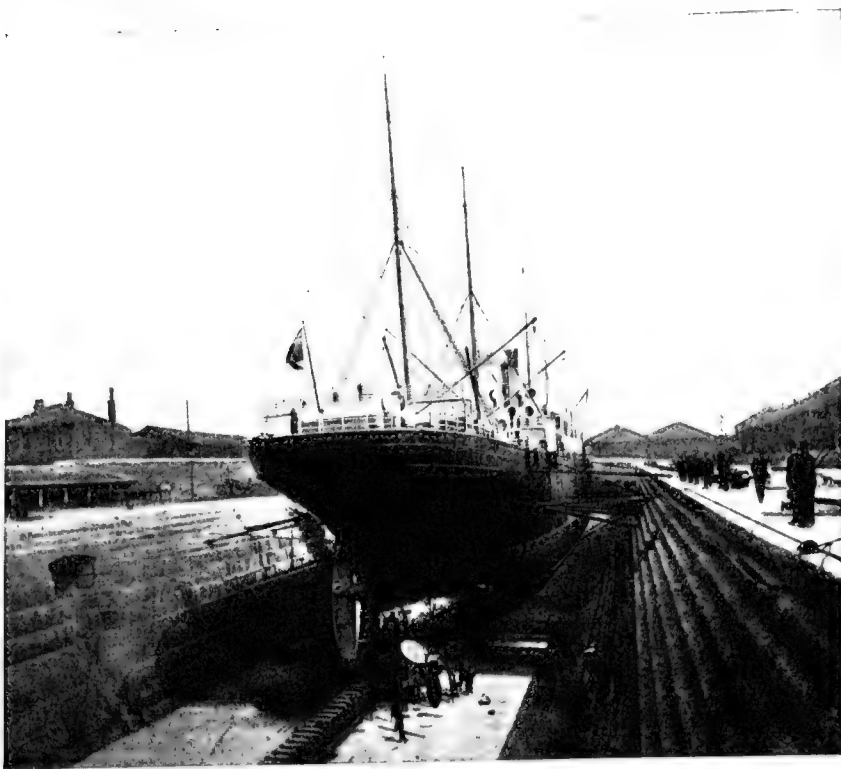
The Paris Salons

THERE are three stages in the inauguration of the Salons in Paris, and they take place on successive days. First, there is the visit of the President of the Republic, then there is the "vernissage," and, finally, there is the opening. A function not to be missed is the "Jour de Vernissage." This "varnishing day" corresponds to the private view day at the Royal Academy. All Paris—that is to say, the notable people in Parisian society—is to be seen there, and there is usually quite a display of spring toilettes. Though there are nominally two Salons, the exhibitions are held in the same building, and are only divided by a curtain. President Loubet was accompanied by General Bailloud, MM. Combarieu, François Roussel, Major Lamy, and M. Poulet. He was received by M. Dupuy, the Premier, and members of the Cabinet. Among the distinguished company at the Salons was the Duke of Connaught, who was conducted round by M. Edouard Détaillé, the well-known painter of military pieces, who some years ago painted portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Duke in military costume. One of the earliest visitors to the Salons was Princess Mathilde, who is a generous patron of art and literature. At her house are to be met all the most distinguished people in Paris. Her Highness was accompanied round the gallery by MM. Jules Leferre, Marcel Baschet, and other well-known artists. M. "Mars," in the sketches which we publish this week, has given some portraits of prominent artists as they appeared at the Salons. M. Constantin Meunier, the great Belgian artist, is highly appreciated in Paris, and his piece of sculpture which he sent to the Champ de Mars Salon occupies the place of honour in the Sculpture Garden of that Exhibition. M. Jean-Paul Laurens, the President of the Champs Elysées Salon, is represented in that Exhibition by a large painting called "Toulouse Contre Montfort," which is intended for the ceiling of the Hotel de Ville at Toulouse. M. Laurens' two sons, Albert and Jean Pierre, are well-known artists, and are also represented in the Champs Elysées. M. Benjamin Constant, the famous portrait painter, contributes portraits of Baroness Von der Wies and of Baron Sipièrè. The Baroness, it may be mentioned, belongs to the family of Von der Wies, who own the Ville Valrosa at Cimiez, where the Queen has taken some of her morning drives during her stay on the Riviera. Both pictures are admirable, and are worthy of the painter of the wonderful portrait of Lord Dufferin. In the Sculpture Gallery of the Champs Elysées M. Falguière's figure, "Balzac," attracts much attention. This work was executed by order, and public curiosity was much excited to see what M. Falguière's treatment of the subject would be, after that of M. Rodin, which caused so much discussion last year. M. Rodin, with the best of good taste, exhibits this year a bust of his rival, M. Falguière.

The Opera Season

THE opera season, which opened at Covent Garden on Monday, is likely to be a memorable one for the improvements in the stage management rather than for any novel productions or for the debuts of any great stars. The chief points about the opening performance on Monday were the increased chorus (who, however,

which has been built beneath the stage. This so-called "switch board" reminds the visitor very strongly of a huge signal box at an important railway junction. But by the mere turning of taps here the light can be thrown on to any given part of the stage. The switch board is said to be the largest in Europe, and although electricity is certainly not less expensive than gas, the improvement is well worth the money. It was shown at its best in the break of day scene in the second act, which was admirably managed. A feature of the performances this year are a certain number of special representations of six of Wagner's operas. One of them, *Lohengrin*, opened the season on Monday when Herr Mottl conducted, and a brilliant audience included the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and other members of the nobility. The rumour that many of the orchestra would be brought from Brussels proved inaccurate. It is true the directors have now resolved to insist upon the exclusive services of the band, and at first difficulties presented themselves, although the British players eventually gave way. The new leader of the orchestra, however, is chief d'attaque to Mr. Grau at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. *Lohengrin*, which was performed in German, had a strong cast, including M. Jean de Reszké, now by far the greatest of representatives of the Knight of the Swan, Frau Schumann-Heink and Mr. Bispham, both most dramatic as Ortrud and Telramund, and Frau Mottl, who has already appeared here at concerts, but who now made her first appearance in London on the operatic stage. She sings most artistically, but rather overdid her part in the second act. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which was given on Tuesday, introduced for the first time Mlle. Febéa Strakosch. This young lady is a niece of the late Mr. Maurice Strakosch, for many years an opera manager in Paris and the United States, and teacher and brother-in-law of Madame Patti. Mlle. Febéa Strakosch has, therefore, been brought up in the operatic atmosphere, and she has indeed already enjoyed experience in Italy, while during the past winter she has been singing at Genoa and elsewhere. She is a fine singer and a powerful and often original actress. She aims, indeed, at more dramatic characters, and it had originally been intended that she should make her debut as Aïla, a part which, however, is now reserved to-night (Saturday) for the second appearance of Madame Litvinne. Lola fell to another *debutante*, Madame Louise Homer, who has sung with Mr. Grau in the United States, and who is evidently an experienced artist, while Herr Dippel made his *rentrée* as the despicable hero, Turiddu. In *Pagliacci*, which followed, Signor De Lucia resumed his original part of the deceived husband Canio, while Miss Macdonald, who played the part last year, was again the representative of the guilty wife. The Duchess of Fife headed a brilliant audience.



The new Canada Graving Dock was opened for use last week, the first vessel passing through the entrance being the White Star liner *Cervic*. The length of the dock is 925 feet and the width at entrance 94 feet, and this width of floor extends the full length of the dock. The capacity of the dock is 3,226,648 cubic feet. The water can be run into the dock in a very short time, as the sluice area is very considerable. It can also be emptied with great rapidity.

THE FIRST VESSEL TO ENTER THE NEW CANADA GRAVING DOCK AT LIVERPOOL.

sang in a polyglot collection of languages, and often very much out of tune), and the alterations which have been made in the theatre, notably the new electric light installation on the stage. There are about 3,000 incandescent electric lamps of various colours, yellow, white, blue, and red, besides almost interminable combinations of these colours, worked by means of a Erobdingragian switch board in the new electricity room,

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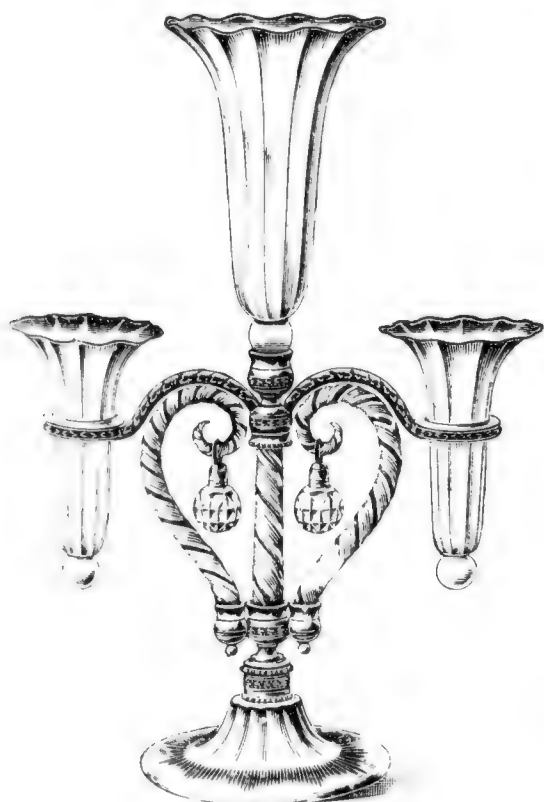
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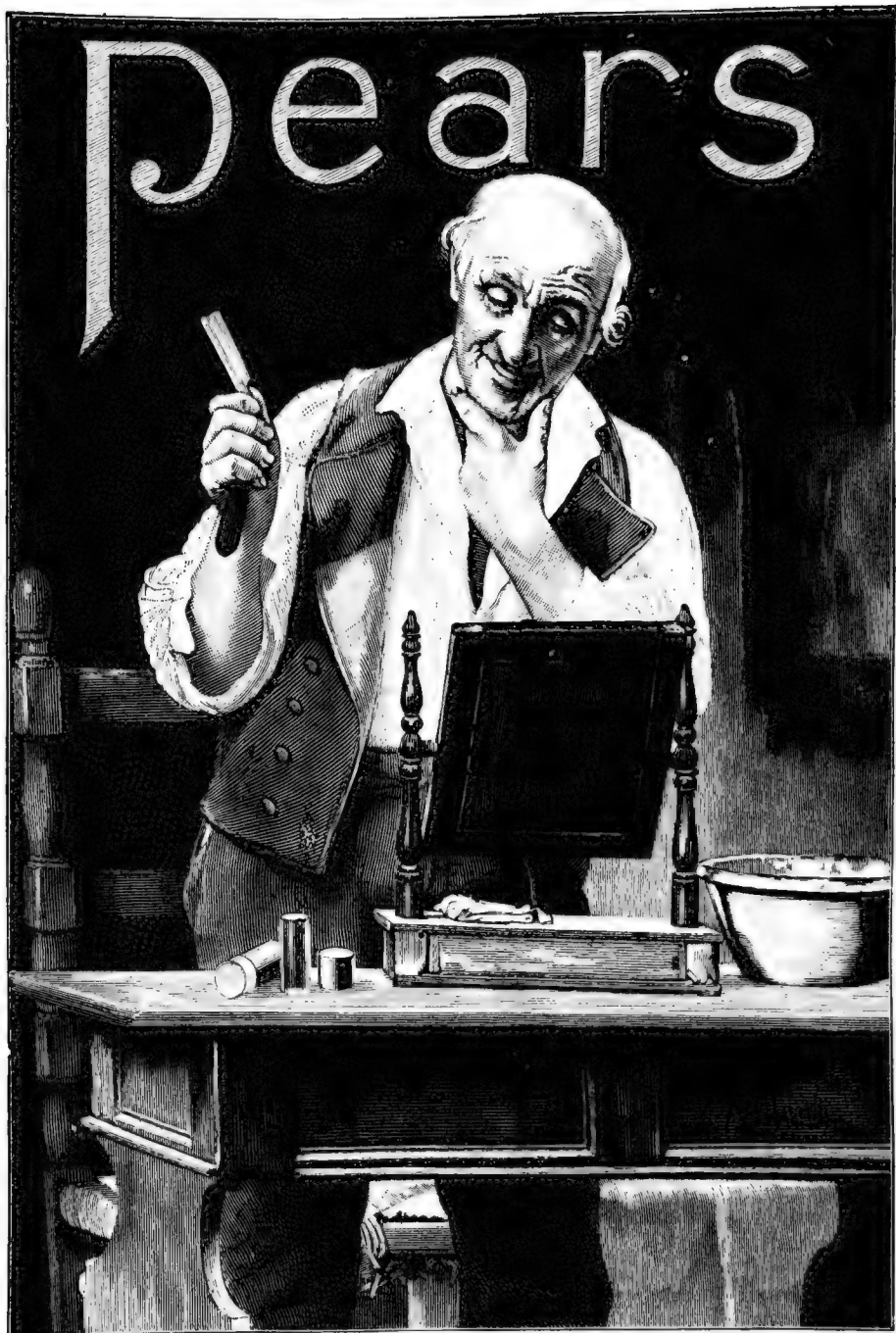
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a moment trembles for her safety. Her story is taken up with her management of her varied collection of lovers, of her lady friends—whom her talent for calm impertinence must have maddened—of a disturbed agrarian district in Ireland, of King Victor Emmanuel's stables, of five Italian grooms, and of an odious little boy. Her personality is more interesting than her experiences. Mrs. Caffyn has made a more than merely creditable improvement in the art of writing English since "Iota" published "A Yellow Aster;" but the more important art of putting a story together is still all before her. The way in which she gives importance to characters who are presently to drop completely out of sight and to make way for a new set is fatal to sustained interest. It is true that she does well to treat the odious little boy, Julian, in this way; but then he is such a nuisance from the beginning that we would, for once, have pardoned absolute infanticide.

"MADAME IZAN"

Mrs. Campbell Praed's "Madame Izàn," suitably described as "A Tourist Story" (Chatto and Windus), is another welcome contribution to the now voluminous literature dealing with modernised Japan. Although a novel, it is also a book of travel; and the impressions of an observer like Mrs. Praed are necessarily of more than common value. They are exceedingly pleasant impressions of both land and people, and are all the more convincing by reason of their freedom from the fine writing and the spirit of rhapsody which taint most pictures of the Land of the Rising Sun. However, it is with the volume as a novel that we are concerned here. The plot is nothing less than the wooing of a beautiful Englishwoman by her own husband, whom she has never seen. This sounds like an Enigma propounded by the Sphinx itself; but it is not for us to spare the reader's ingenuity, or to deprive Mrs. Praed's skill of its due reward. The characters, it is true, have little personal interest; but they fit admirably into their situation, and unquestionably understand the art of travel.

"MAM'ZELLE GRAND'MERE"

A contemporary critic has noted a tendency on the part of heroines of fiction to get older and older. It is true that the once popular age of sixteen or seventeen has long ceased (if the practice of novelists is any evidence) to be popularly interesting. From four-and-twenty to five-and-thirty is, perhaps, the age at present in fashion. But it is, nevertheless, a long and sudden leap to a beautiful heroine of well over fifty. Such is Madeleine D'Arcy, the "Mam'zelle Grandmère" of Fifiue's novel (Lawrence and Bullen). As she looks but eight-and-twenty, and is generally taken for her granddaughter's sister, one hardly sees why the reality should not coincide with the appearance. We suppose, however, that Fifiue has found something piquante in bestowing the reckless irresponsibility as well as the charm of youth on one well on the way to three score, and in finding a hero for her—happily not too young. With all her foibles and frivolities she will certainly be preferred to her granddaughter,

"Chon," who, taking life far more seriously, proves infinitely more foolish—to speak gently. The story, so far as it is not occupied with the debts, devices and escapades of this singular pair, is too slight and merely anecdotic for description, but it is all very light and lively, and—as Fifiue has wisely kept it short—will mildly amuse.

"COUSIN IVO"

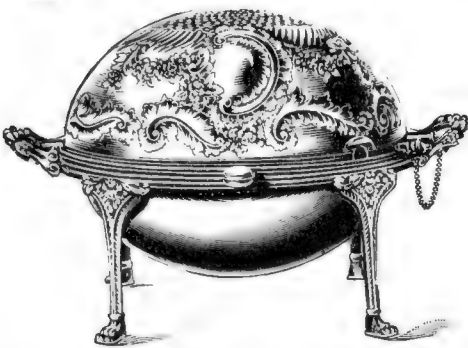
“Cousin Ivo,” by Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick)—(Adam and Charles Black) is too improbable to be convincing, without being courageously wild enough to cause the reader's fancy to bolt in company with the author's. However, it would have been considered a very passable romance in less exacting times; especially when there was a fresh run on all things German; a “Castle of Ravensfels in the Züringen Forest” might be made the scene of anything that anybody pleased. Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick) has, at all events, a good notion of a villain, in the person of Ivo;—an officer and a gentleman, who thinks nothing of throwing his cousin into a well when she will not consent to his marrying her million of money; of shooting the witness of the crime, and of trying to murder in several manners the young English peer who stands in his way with the lady. But for a convenient flash of lightning, he was quite capable of clearing the whole stage. It is altogether a story that seems somewhat out of date; but this will, doubtless, serve as a recommendation to many readers.



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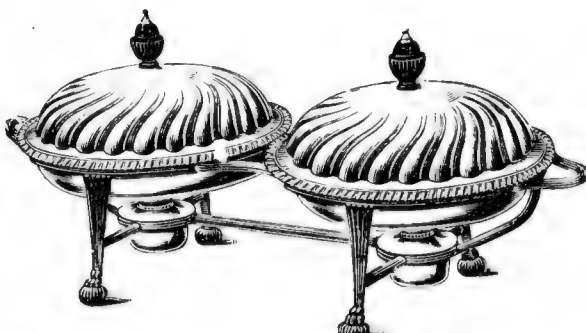


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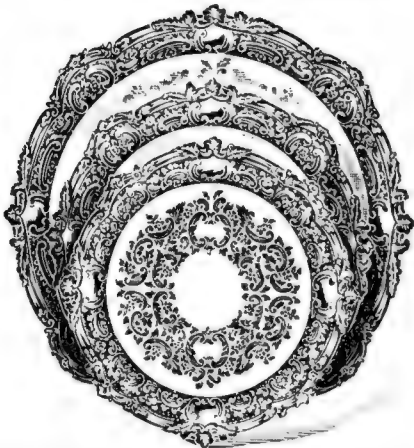


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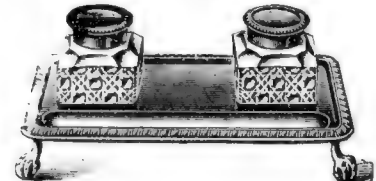


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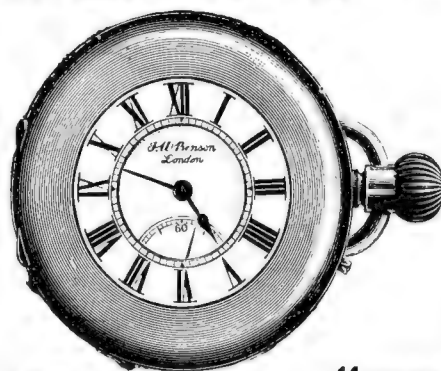
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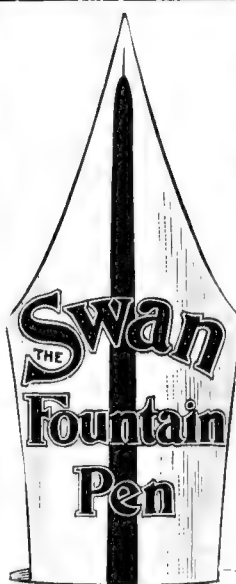
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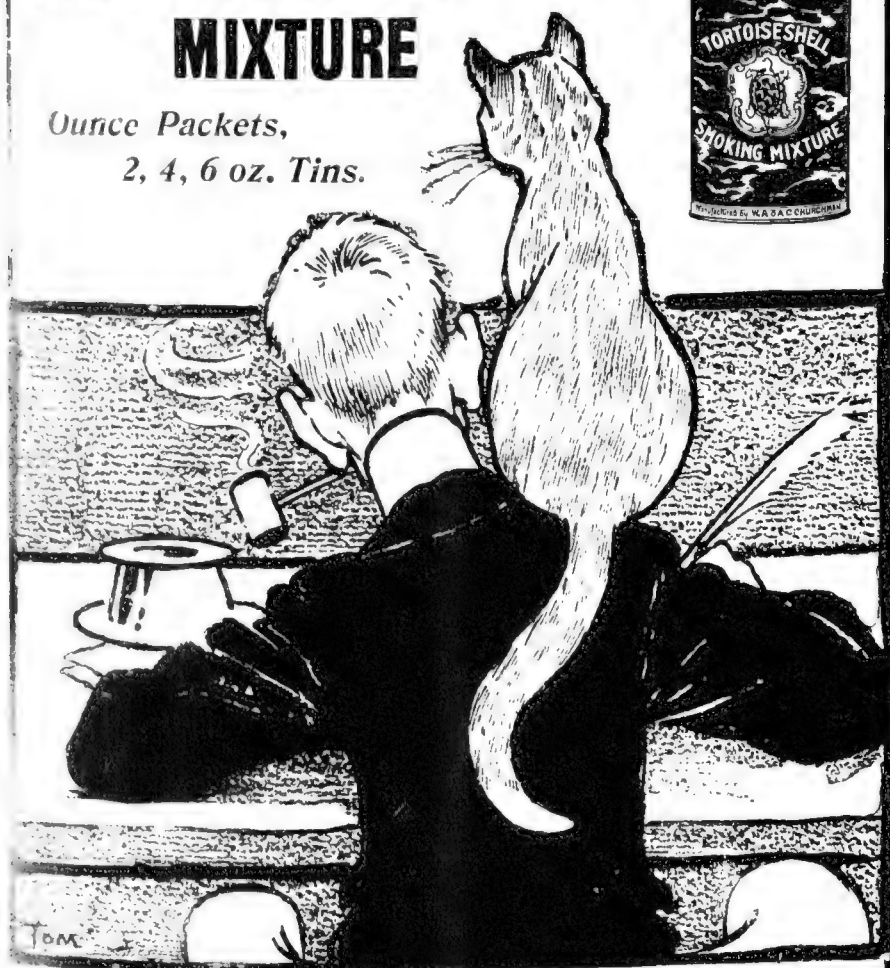
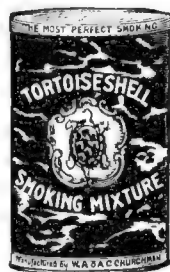
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centre portion has the full monogram of the General executed in Runic enamel. The central band has also Runic ornamentation, adorned with bosses of lapis lazuli with the Scottish lion on one side and the MacDonald crest and motto on the other. The shoe of the scabbard is decorated in a similar style, having cairngorms, lapis lazuli, and carbuncles in bosses, the Order of the Bath, the Khedivial Star, and a trophy of Scottish arms in separate medallions. The reverse of this part of the scabbard has the Distinguished Service Order, a trophy of arms used with the troops in Egypt, and a trophy of Soudanese arms below. The blade is of the finest steel and is richly decorated with Runic ornamentation of the purest type, having introduced the MacDonald arms, crescent and star, sphinx, and the names of the Highland associations represented upon the committee. The whole of the mounts, together with the hilt, are composed of solid gold. The sword work was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., Regent Street.

Musical Notes

THE most important of the concerts of the week was a series of performances given at Queen's Hall every afternoon and evening under the title of "The London Musical Festival." It seems a pity that so interesting a series should have taken place at the outset of the busy musical season, when it is necessarily subjected to a good deal of competition. Five of the concerts were given by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Mr. Wood, and five by M. Lamoureux' band, which came expressly from Paris for the purpose, while this (Saturday) afternoon the combined bands are engaged, a plan which seems likely to prove so successful that Mr. Wood intends next week to give three more gigantic orchestral concerts of a similar character.

A rapid glance through the programmes is now all that is necessary. On Monday Lady Hallé made her re-appearance and gave a singularly beautiful rendering of Dr. Max Bruch's G Minor Concerto, while in the evening the French Band were heard in Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Saint-Saëns' *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, which was most unwisely encored. M. Ysaye, the distinguished Belgian violinist, was the principal attraction at the French concert on Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening M. Paderewski made his first appearance this season, and played Beethoven's E Flat Concerto besides Chopin's Concerto in F Minor. It had originally been intended that the great Polish pianist should perform his own "Polish Fantasia," but the Chopin Concerto was considered a stronger draw, and the artist at once very kindly gave way. Wednesday afternoon, Thursday evening and Friday afternoon were set apart for the production of Father Perosi's new oratorios, while on Wednesday evening M. Ysaye again played with the French band, and a new "Fantaisie Symphonique," by M. Chevillard, M. Lamoureux' son-in-law, was announced. M. de Pachmann was the pianist on Thursday afternoon, and Mlle. Kleeberg was announced on the Friday evening.

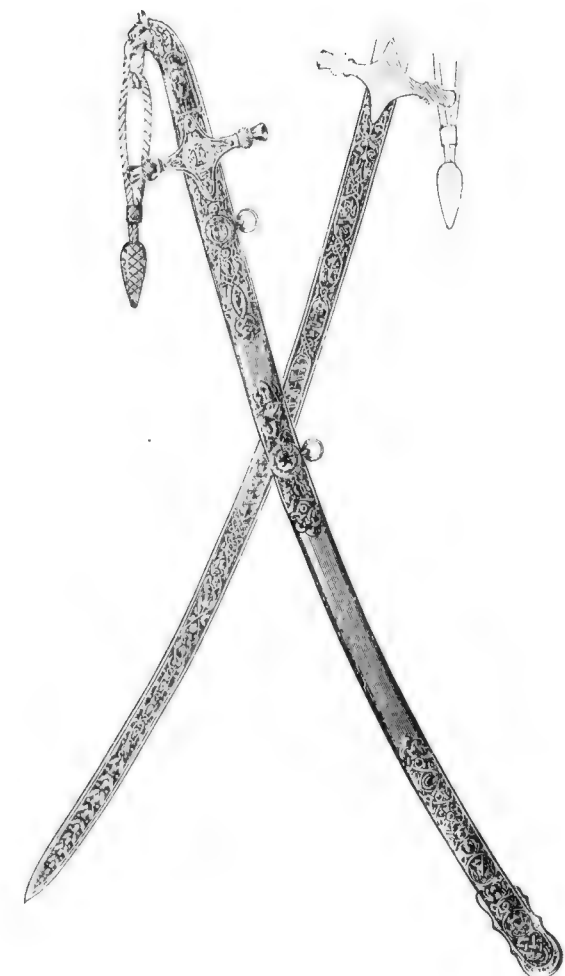
Of Father Perosi's much discussed oratorios we must reserve details till next week. It will suffice that on Wednesday afternoon his *Transfiguration of Christ* was announced for the first time in England, while Thursday was to see *The Raising of Lazarus*, which probably will be considered the best work of the series, and

Friday afternoon *The Resurrection of Christ*. These oratorios created quite a furore in Italy, where they were taken up by the Roman Catholic Church as an antidote to the meretricious and sordid style of modern Italian operas. They have beyond question been a little over-rated, and that, particularly in the orchestration, they show signs of crudity is equally beyond dispute. Nevertheless, throughout there is a strong infusion of the religious feeling, although the style, partly modelled upon Bach, in various points quite modern in treatment. Among the peculiarities are the little snatches of orchestration in which he from time to time indulges in the middle of the narrative, and perhaps the best of the music lies in the choruses. These, however, are only passing impressions.

Altogether apart from the London Musical Festival the week has been an extremely busy one for concerts. The Philharmonic on last Thursday reintroduced Signor Martucci, who is considered leader of the advanced musical party in Italy. At the same concert Dr. Villiers Stanford conducted his new Variations "on an English theme," the theme in question turning out to be our old friend "Down Among the Dead Men," treated in the most elaborate and masterly fashion. Herr Mottl has given two concerts, the last of them on Wednesday afternoon at St. James's Hall, when the programme was again largely devoted to Wagner. A special orchestral concert likewise took place on Saturday at the Alexandra Palace, with a very large orchestra of something like 300 players.

A Presentation Key

A GOLD key, of beautiful workmanship, was presented to the Archbishop of York on the occasion of the opening of new National School buildings at Almondbury, near Huddersfield. The main feature of the design is a carefully worked archiepiscopal mitre, supported by a shield bearing the arms of the Province of York, and on the reverse side is an inscription. The key is no mere ornament, but was used to unlock the door. It is the work of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of Regent Street, and was designed by the Rev. W. Foster Norris, Vicar of Almondbury. It was handed to the Archbishop by the Vicar, and afterwards formally presented in the name of the committee by Mr. J. A. Brooke, J.P., of Fenay Hall, at a great public meeting in the Central Hall of the new buildings, at which the Mayor of Huddersfield, Sir John W. Ramsden, Bart., Archdeacon Brooke and others took part.



soldier. The guard is richly decorated with Runic ornamentation and has in the centre the letter M set with fine rubies and diamonds, and on the reverse the Scottish and Egyptian flags enamelled in proper colours. The upper band of the scabbard is decorated with Runic repoussé work, enriched with cairngorms and carbuncles having the arms of the Clan MacDonald in a panel in the centre; the reverse



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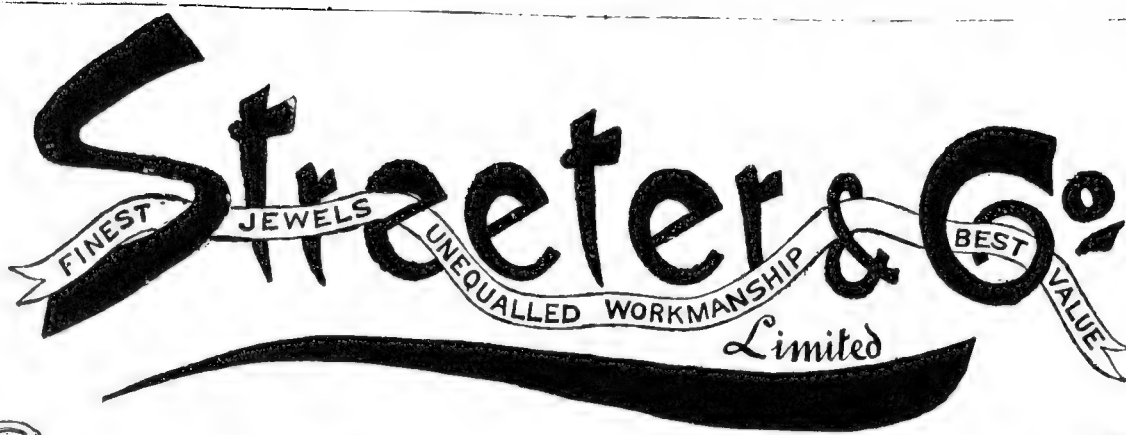
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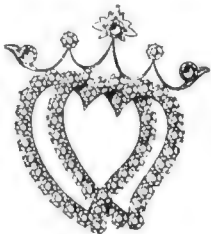
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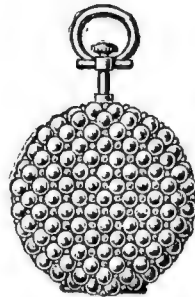
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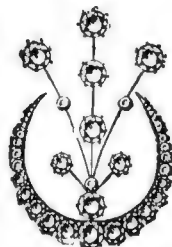
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE weather of the past ten days has shown once more what little real guidance there is in the ordinary statistics of the seasons. The 5th inst. was credited with a temperature of 103 deg. in the sun, with eight hours' bright sunshine at Westminster, and with eleven hours at Hastings. Who, reading this record a century hence, perhaps in connection with the career of some man of genius, would doubt that we were enjoying an extremely summerlike May? Yet, as a matter of fact, there are few men over thirty who have thought it wise to be out after sundown without a tolerably thick overcoat, and the households in which fires have been discontinued are in a small minority. Nor does the garden show a springlike record, the young shoots of many plants having been cut off by the night frosts. In the open, the wheat has lost colour under the keen east winds, and the pastures have made since the end of April no perceptible progress. The sun can evidently reach 103 deg. *in vacuo* without anybody experiencing even a moderately genial heat, while eight to eleven hours' bright sunshine within much less than two months of the summer solstice may pass without imparting a single sensation of real heat. The wind currents would seem to be a much more powerful influence in our latitude than the direct rays of the sun. The general aspect of vegetation is now a full fortnight behind an average season.

ENGLAND'S TRUE CLIMATE

We are apt to forget that England's true climate is sub-Arctic. Our island belongs with Ireland to the group of islands south of the Polar Circle and north of Europe, of which the three others are

Greenland, Iceland, and Spitzbergen. We are in the same latitude as Labrador and Siberia. Winnipeg, in Manitoba, is nearer to the Equator than London is, and all the old provinces of Canada, "Our Lady of the Snows," are in a latitude south of Ventnor and Torquay. There is, of course, the Gulf Stream, that jet of warm water from the tropics which we have to thank for so much. But a sub-Arctic climate mitigated by hot water applications is a different matter from a climate in itself genial. It is the high latitude in which we are placed that is responsible for the extreme lateness

of our springs, and in that latitude genial weather is not normally to be expected before June. Over more than nine-tenths of the globe the fiftieth parallel represents the extreme poleward limit of healthy human habitation. The earlier peoples have all pressed on into lower latitudes, it is only the last arrivals, the Teutons and the Slavs, who take the regions of England, Russia, Prussia and Poland by reason of finding the best seats already occupied. Oddly enough, the races which live north of the fiftieth parallel gain on the others in the matter of population.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION

The excellent season of 1898 has given a stimulus to trade in the country towns, and farmers have been spending with a freedom unknown since 1878, the year before that "worst of years of the century," 1879. Unfortunately there are signs that a wave of depression is now about to replace this period of comparative exaltation, and the trade of rural districts, while not likely to suffer this side of harvest, will be lucky if it escapes a bad time in 1900. Owing to the large crops in Argentina and America being offered very freely, wheat has fallen to 25s. 3d., or about 4s. 9d. per qr. under usually estimated price of production, while barley at 24s. 5d. is nearly three shillings down from last year, and the decline on oats is 2s. 10d. per qr. The present prices are below the tithe averages for wheat and oats, though a little above those averages for barley, and this on a rent charge made up of the three items threatens the parson with a still lower tithe in 1900 than that prevailing for the current year. The signs of the times should not escape the Government, whose conduct of finances in the next twelvemonth will have at very material effect on the result of the General Election likely to occur in the ensuing year.



Last month the Sirdar visited Suakin, where he was received with enthusiasm. Our illustration shows him entering the town from the Shata Gate. With him are Golden Bey, Acting-Governor of Suakin, and Sayed Osman, the religious chief of Arab tribes in Soudan. The town was illuminated in honour of the illustrious guest, who subsequently left for Berber on a camel. Our illustration is from a photograph by M. Moscovakis

THE SIRDAR IN THE SOUDAN: HIS ARRIVAL AT SUAKIN

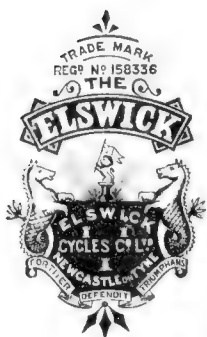
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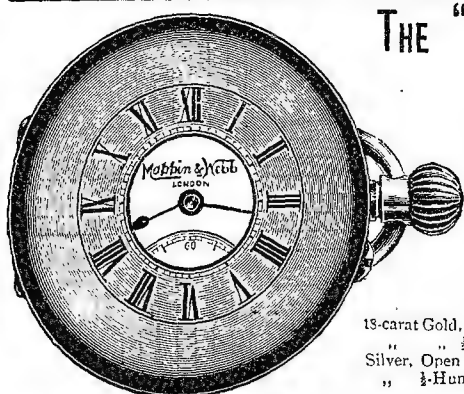
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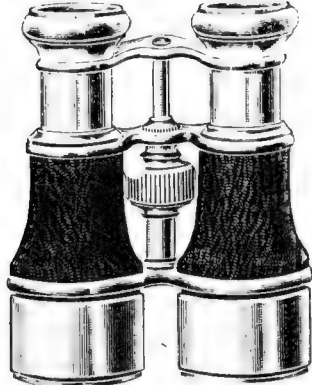
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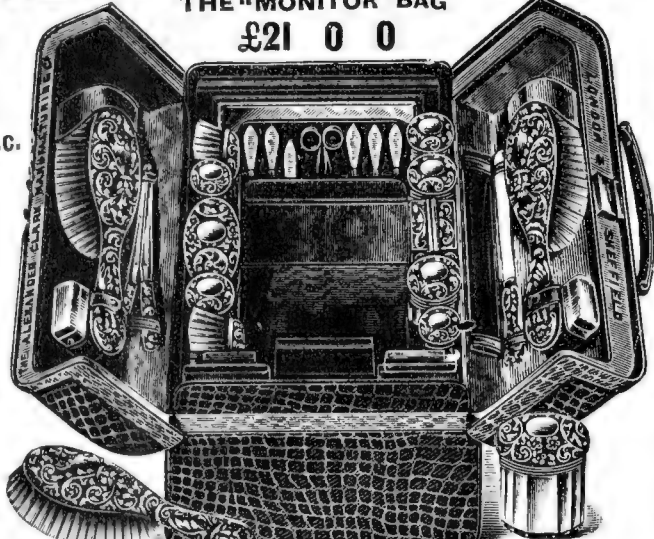
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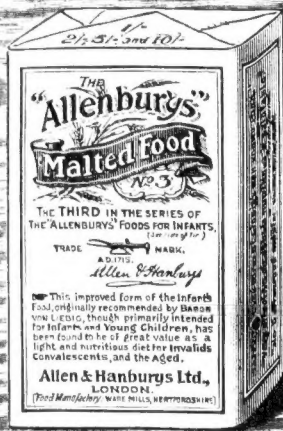
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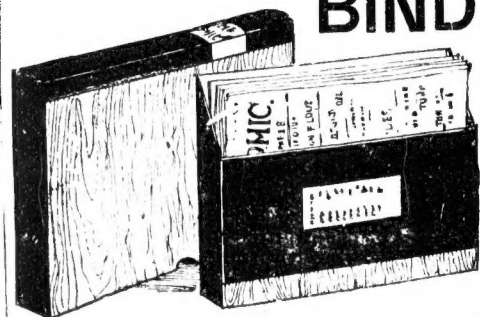
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